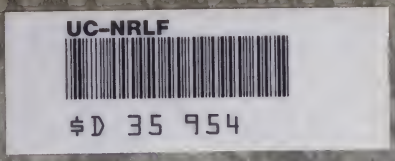
PS
3157
W354
S3
1844



SCRIBBLINGS AND SKETCHES

EDMUND CARMICK WATMOUGH

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS

OPB

SCRIBBLINGS AND SKETCHES, DIPLOMATIC, PISCATORY, AND OCEANIC

UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS, INC.
Ann Arbor *London*

WD 16044
#7

IC.

atmoug
Edmuv
Carmic

SCRIBBLINGS AND SKETCHES,

DIPLOMATIC, PISCATORY, AND OCEANIC.

BY

A FISHER IN SMALL STREAMS.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

PHILADELPHIA:
C. SHERMAN, PRINTER,
19 ST. JAMES STREET.
1844.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844,

BY C. SHERMAN,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

818
N225

TO

HIS MOST CELESTIAL MAJESTY KIANG-FOO,

EMPEROR OF CHINA,

AND BROTHER TO THE SUN AND MOON.

DEEPLY sensible of the favours it has pleased your Celestial Majesty at divers and sundry times to bestow, and grateful for the distinguished facilities afforded me in the early publication of some of your mighty proclamations—with all respect, I dedicate the following pages to your Imperial Majesty.

I do so, with a belief, that your Serenity will not only be amused by them at your autumnal palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, upon the banks of the sparkling Taie-ho; but that they will give your Majesty some insight into the mysteries of barbaric diplomacy, which, it has pleased your Majesty privately to inform me, owing to some late incidents, you were anxious to comprehend. Amongst so many sovereigns, to be selected by your Imperial Majesty as worthy of your confidence, I esteem a most signal mark of favour; and with no disposition to overrate my literary effusions, yet I feel confident your Majesty will derive quite as much instruction, if not more, than any other reader from my little volume.

1844
Gen. Lit. 17445 Penn

PREFACE.

It will be perceived that I have dedicated this little work to the Emperor of China,—and in selecting that distinguished individual, I have been impelled by many wise and discreet considerations. Some may possibly deem the selection an ostentatious one, a wish upon my part to publish to the world my intimacy and friendship with that august personage. But I most unequivocally deny any such motives. The Emperor has been informed that we are a community of sovereigns, that a private station is the post of honour, and that we hire individuals to perform subordinate stations, such as Presidents, Secretaries, and the like, with the privilege of abusing them. He therefore, has been pleased to consider me upon an equality with him in every respect, having first assured him, not only that I held no office, but had no expectation of receiving one. It has also, I am sorry to say, been intimated that I am actuated by mercenary motives, with an eye to a *cumshaw* or present from the Emperor, for the honour done him. The cumshaw system is not a bad one, but I disclaim any

If it should please your Celestial Highness to be fond of fishing, the letters of Isaac Walton, Jr., are most particularly recommended to your notice. They pretend to no literary merit, but are the effusions of a plain man, in character with his life and the primitive simplicity of his peaceful sport.

The immortal Confucius has declared, that

Hong-hœ chulan-tee to war ti bung,
Con owhar spung ti nittle colee tung.

"Patience and perseverance are cardinal virtues, and without which, man cannot hope for success in life." Isaac affords some striking and practical illustrations of the truth of the precept, which may be useful to your sedentary subjects, and perhaps salutary in their effects upon those of a more roving and unquiet disposition.

Seldom aspiring beyond a glorious nibble, his perseverance has been rewarded in having caught the attention of an emperor.

"To catch a Tartar," has not heretofore been esteemed a desirable event or one to boast of; but we apprehend the world will concede the present instance to be a brilliant exception.

The immeasurable distance between your Majesty's golden throne, and the "Fisher in Small Streams," affords him but a telescopic view of your magnificence, warmed, however, and cherished by those mitigated

beams into an ephemeral and fluttering existence without the danger of being singed by the intolerable effulgence. It is, therefore, a subject more for congratulation than regret; though prevented the honour of personally bumping his head at your Imperial footstool according to the ceremony of the *Ko-leou*. A ceremony founded upon principles of the profoundest wisdom, and which should be strictly enforced upon every candidate for literary favour, more especially in my country, where the brain is supposed to be the seat of intelligence, and the capability of the author might quickly be ascertained by the peculiar sound of his skull when performing these prostrations. The Chinese theory, however, that the stomach is the seat of the soul, is plausible, more especially as most of our distinguished literary men have no stomachs to brag of, wasted perhaps by their untiring exertions. With the passing remark, that amongst Barbarians there is a sort of abstract Kiang-Foo, called public opinion, at which authors great and small must all bow, and before which the subscriber prostrates himself with great humility for want of a better, he remains with high consideration and respect, your Majesty's friend, co-sovereign and servant.

A Fisher in Small Streams.

PREFACE.

It will be perceived that I have dedicated this little work to the Emperor of China,—and in selecting that distinguished individual, I have been impelled by many wise and discreet considerations. Some may possibly deem the selection an ostentatious one, a wish upon my part to publish to the world my intimacy and friendship with that august personage. But I most unequivocally deny any such motives. The Emperor has been informed that we are a community of sovereigns, that a private station is the post of honour, and that we hire individuals to perform subordinate stations, such as Presidents, Secretaries, and the like, with the privilege of abusing them. He therefore, has been pleased to consider me upon an equality with him in every respect, having first assured him, not only that I held no office, but had no expectation of receiving one. It has also, I am sorry to say, been intimated that I am actuated by mercenary motives, with an eye to a *cumshaw* or present from the Emperor, for the honour done him. The cumshaw system is not a bad one, but I disclaim any

such intentions. Though if the Emperor were to send me a very handsome present, in the shape of tea, silks, or even crockery, I frankly confess I should feel myself bound to accept it. But literary men so seldom receive any thing but hard rubs, that I am afraid these declarations are very idle and superfluous. Indeed, gentle reader, I am perfectly content to receive no other reward for my humble labours, than your attention, and your good-will.

THE AUTHOR.

SKETCHES.

A FORTUNE FOUNDED ON A HURRICANE.

"To ride the cloud-aspiring waves,
And hear amid the rending tackle's roar
The spirit of an equinoctial gale."

TOBIN.

"The dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the Hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by th' almighty sun,
Dizzies with clamour Neptune's watery ear."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE town of Trinidad, upon the south side of the island of Cuba, presents a very picturesque appearance from the sea. The dark blue mountains of St. Juan, rising to the height of three thousand feet, form the back-ground of the picture, throwing the town into fine relief with its white walls and turrets. At a distance, it appears like a white blur upon the mountain-side. In any other region than the tropics it might, at first glance, be mistaken for a drift of snow, or a cloud resting upon the dark mountain's side, but the one is as impossible as the other, for, during the dry season, from October till April, not even a wreath of mist floats in the pure ether by day, or dims the brilliancy of the spangled blue of night. Gradually from this white obscure are shadowed

forth, in faint outlines, turrets and cupolas, at every step becoming more distinct, till at last the miniature houses with little dots for windows, stand forth brightly in the glare of a mid-day sun.

The ground between the sea shore and the town is barren and sandy, covered with brushwood, with here and there a clump of palms and the umbrageous mango, broken into lagoons, or pools of salt water, near the shore, which at a distance have a pleasing effect, but upon inspection, the delusion quickly vanishes. These pretty lakes are in reality nothing but salt bogs, tenanted by the land crab; the shores furrowed by the sand grub; and haunted by myriads of musquitoes.

The harbour, with its little port of Casilda, is formed by a thin strip of land, about two miles in length and densely covered with mangrove bushes. At the extremity of the point, or entrance to the harbour, is erected a small fort, which is apt to be submerged during a hurricane, and is never garrisoned by more than half a dozen soldiers. Between this fort and Cayo Blanco, a small island, is a narrow and intricate passage, through which can pass vessels only of a light draught.

With this bird's eye view of the town and harbour, we will proceed with our narrative.

In the latter part of the month of September of the year 180–, some forty or fifty of the merchants and planters of Trinidad were collected together at the head of Calle de Gutierez, discussing the various topics of the day, in which the probable rise and fall of the prices of sugar and molasses were decidedly the most interesting. Amongst this group, were the keen-looking Catalonian, the blunt Biscayan, and vivacious Andalusian—emigrants from the mother country, in the pursuit of wealth.

The joke was bandied about in that boisterous vein so peculiar to the Spaniard, interrupted occasionally by the presence of a passing signorita with flowing mantilla, when compliments would fall freely from the lips of all. Far from being offended, the lady appeared to consider it a just tribute to her personal charms—and reply with great gravity, *muchisimas gracias, Caballeros*—and pass on, with the grace and dignity of a queen. A Montero, upon a high-mettled pacer, darted up to the door, and saluted the group with that natural air of polite respect from which a true Spaniard never departs.

"*Senores, Caballeros; dios guard ustedes.*" "Gentlemen, God be with you—what do you think of the weather?"

"It looks bad enough," replied one; "we shall have it tough and strong—the mountain passes are dark as night, with heavy clouds."

"Yes," said another, "and the sea moans, and heaves upon Cayo Blanco in a way that forebodes a hurricane."

The sea did present a strange and unnatural appearance, covered—almost obscured—by masses of vapour rolling over the surface. The atmosphere was so perfectly calm that the flame of a candle burnt as steadily in the open air as if enclosed within a crystal vase. All were now busy speculating upon the indications of the heavens with the exception of one; to whom calms and storms apparently were alike indifferent.

Seated upon the counter, with abstracted air and folded arms, kicking his heels against the boards; there was an air of recklessness about the youth that plainly told his fortune to be desperate, and that he was at that

very moment turning over in his mind the probable chances of success for a dinner, already having failed in procuring a breakfast. The light blue eye, fair hair, and ruddy complexion disclosed at a glance his Anglo-Saxon blood; and as he gazed at the dark-eyed sun-burnt features that surrounded him, there was an expression which seemed to say—"Let it blow the whole island over to Africa for aught I care: I have neither kith nor kin here, and am as penniless as a Spanish beggar." Something out of the common order of events appeared to animate the group; some were collected together apart, in earnest conversation; others were mounting horses and scampering off to the Casilda, whilst a party upon the house-top were gazing through spy-glasses at the sea. The youth, before described, inquired of an individual who had just come down, and who closed his glass with a snap that shattered the instrument, exclaiming at the same time, "*Caraho*, she's gone!"—

"What is the matter, *Senor?* there seems to be a screw out of place somewhere: what is it?"

"Why, Senor Americano, mio, there is a barque outside there, in which we are all interested—a good half million of freight,—that is likely to be swamped by this infernal hurricane, or nabbed by John Bull, that's all."

The youth spoken to, mounted the steps and was quickly upon the parapet. Almost all the houses of Trinidad are constructed with flat roofs, with a parapet about three feet high, for the purpose of catching rain water during the wet season.

Upon reaching the parapet, he was astonished at the sudden change from a breathless calm to a furious gale

with every premonition of one of those terrible hurricanes that sometimes, in a single hour, lay waste whole districts. The inhabitants were hurrying to shelter in the greatest trepidation, closing their shops and barricading their doors and windows—the streets were already strewed with fragments of roofs and broken tiles torn from their fastenings by the first fury of the blast. The vultures, those licensed scavengers of every West India town, at all hours of the day, skimming over the tops of houses, or soaring to a great height in gigantic circles, were now crouching beneath the parapets, and the atmosphere was filled with flocks of screaming sea gulls, driven from their habitations upon the coasts and numerous islands, by the irresistible fury of the wind.

A drift, like smoke, rolled over the ocean and spread across the land to the foot of the mountain. At intervals, the surface of the sea, to the utmost limits of the wide extended horizon, was distinctly visible, lashed into a foam, and whirled aloft in wreaths of spray from the tops of the curling waves.

Two vessels were distinctly seen, scudding before the wind under close-reefed topsails. Onward they both came with the speed of race-horses, the one further seaward, from the cut of her canvass and squareness of yards, evidently a man-of-war, in full chase. As she rose upon a swell, her long dark hull and line of ports were visible; from the bow at the same moment issued a volume of smoke, which as suddenly was swept away by the wind, and mingled with the floating spray and haze, and ere the sound of the cannon had reached the shores, (in low, suppressed murmurs,) the Spanish barque had rounded Cayo Blanco, dropped her anchors, and

swung round to the wind. The man-of-war came dashing in after, under bare poles, her close-reefed foresail but a few moments before having been blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, and whirled off to leeward, twisting and twirling about until it was lost in the haze that covered every thing with an impenetrable veil; but ere the two vessels were closed from view, it was evident that the man-of-war had passed close under the stern of the slaver, and was riding upon the swell with four anchors ahead.

The gale now had increased almost to a hurricane. It was with difficulty the youth could maintain his position upon the parapet; he therefore went down to the store and mingled with the anxious group collected there.

It was conceded by all, that the *Esperanza*, for such was the name of the slaver, was a gone case. If she rode out the gale, which was very improbable, the Stag, a well-known British cruiser, would certainly capture her; and if the hurricane increased, as there was every likelihood, both vessels must be wrecked, with the chance of all hands perishing.

One said, he would sell his interest for fifty ounces;* another, for five hundred: all appearing to think the chances so perfectly desperate, as scarcely worth an hour's purchase. The hero of our story listened to every thing with the deepest interest; at last he stepped boldly up to one of the gentlemen and said:

"Come, sir, what did you say you would take for your interest in that ship?"

"I'll take five hundred ounces, and that's selling what,

* An ounce, or gold doubloon, about sixteen dollars.

if all had gone right, would fetch at the Baracoon this day, fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes," replied the stranger, "but she will never come ashore except in pieces. Look at that!—there goes the roof off of Don Vincente's house, as clean as a whistle. The hurricane is up—it will tear that ship to pieces in less than an hour. I'll give you one hundred ounces for your share, and take my chance."

"*Paga!* it's a bargain!" cried the Spaniard. "John Bull has got her, I believe, already. La Esperanza must have drifted down upon him ere this."

Seven or eight shares were purchased upon the spot, and a bargain made with the others,—who appeared to view our friend in no other light than a madman,—that if he saved the ship and cargo, he was to receive twenty-five per cent. upon the gross amount.

No sooner was the negotiation concluded, and the writings, which were hastily drawn, safely deposited in his pocket, than he bounded forth into the storm, with a cry of "*A dios senores!*" and was lost in the gloom which shrouded every thing without.

Onward he dashed, reckless of the thousand dangers that threatened to annihilate him at every step, from showers of tiles and broken parapets hurled at his feet by the wind, which, though not yet at its height, was howling above his head with great fury, occasionally licking up the dust and pebbles in whirling eddies, and then spattering it into his face with such force, as not only to blind, but for a time to cause him to reel and stagger.

A brave man might well have cowered beneath that blast—but our youth, with a spirit of the highest order, and a consciousness of his own merits, had felt, deeply

felt, the pangs of a crushing poverty. Here was a chance—a terrible one, to be sure; if he failed, it would be death in the excitement of battle; if he succeeded, a double reward awaited him,—a magnificent fortune, and the preservation of the lives of a thousand helpless beings.

Upon emerging from the town, the road lay before him in almost a straight line, for three miles, to the little village of Casilda. From this point, on a clear day, the eye can embrace a view of two hundred miles of sea, from north to south; but now, the road upon which he was ploughing his way, was scarcely discernible twenty yards ahead. Onward he laboured, occasionally, when the blast with uncommon fury swept across his path, seeking a temporary shelter beneath the hedges formed by the prickly pear and wild pine apple—beneath whose interwoven branches clattered thousands of land-crabs, on their way to the sea from the mountains. An army of these creatures crossed his path; regardless of the countless uplifted hands from this strange multitude, he crashed through the array, kicking from his feet some half dozen, that had fastened upon his legs with their long pincering claws.

The sea was swollen far beyond its natural boundaries. The streets of the village were overflowed, and where, but a few hours before, the gay volante had whirled up the dust upon a sandy road, now were covered with boats adrift, floating logs, casks and merchandise of every description.

Every minute marked a sensible increase of the power of the wind; occasionally, vast bodies of water were

scooped up by the mighty hand of the tempest and crushed into vapour, or fell far from where they had been torn, in showers of brine. The foam of the sea floated over head like flakes of snow. The incessant roll of tropical thunder, heaven's heaviest artillery, reverberated from the mountain's base, and was mingled with the roar of the wind and surf, which pealed upon the shores of the neighbouring islands, occasionally flashing up through the thick haze, pyramids of foam and spray.

After wading and floundering through ponds of water, under the lee of a large store, he encountered a fisherman by the name of Antonio, a hardy fellow, one of the best pilots of the port. To him he immediately made known his intention, and offered him a thousand dollars if he would accompany him with his boat on board the slaver.

"Why, Senor," said Antonio, "you must be mad. We should be swamped, for a dead certainty; and what good could we do, suppose we reached her?"

"I'll make your fortune!" was the prompt reply. "Does she still hold on?"

"Si, Senor."

"And how's the cruiser?"

"Oh, tight enough—with four anchors out—two chain cables. She'll founder at her anchors, if this gale increases."

"We can paddle under the lee of the mangrove bushes of the strip of land over the other side of the harbour, till we come to the fort, then before the wind, you pulling, I bailing, in three minutes we can fetch the slaver; once on board I'll show you we can save her."

Still Antonio doubted, wavered; all the eloquence of

argument, and stout assurances, with scorn of danger, appeared not in the least to stagger his determination to decline the perilous adventure.

"Lend me your boat, then. By Heaven! I'll go alone; and when I meet you to-morrow, with five thousand Spanish doubloons in my chest, you'll curse yourself for not having had the courage to follow."

"Stop one moment. How much say you?"

At that instant a crash of thunder made the earth tremble beneath their feet, accompanied by a flash that pierced through the gloom, illuminating every object with a lurid glare, the foam flakes sailing through the air like myriads of floating brands of fire; at the same instant a transient glance was caught of the two vessels, reeling and plunging at their anchors.

"Two thousand doubloons!" cried the indomitable stranger, in a voice clear as a trumpet, every word distinctly heard by Antonio, above the roar of the elements.

"Agreed—come on!" and they jumped into the boat, Antonio exclaiming at the same time, "Another such a clap of thunder as that, and good-bye hurricane."*

After great difficulty, and the escape from many dreadful blasts, they succeeded in reaching the opposite shore; but the sea made a clear breach across the strip of land, and though broken by the mangrove bushes, yet the surge rolled over into the harbour with terrible force. The boat was light, and pulled by vigorous and skilful hands; in a short time they reached the deserted fort, under the lee of which they rested for a few moments, and braced their nerves for the great struggle, when they

* The invariable indication of a clearing off.

should be exposed to the full fury of the wind and waves, the frail bark being as yet protected by the land under which they had for an hour laboured their perilous passage. Antonio ejaculated a short prayer, crossed himself very devoutly some half dozen times, then seizing the oars, cried out—

"Here goes. We can't miss her. She lies dead to leeward of that reef."

The boat shot forth from her cover, and was immediately whirled round by the wind, one of the oars escaping from his hand; it was caught in a minute by his companion, ere the rower had time to utter the cry of terror the accident occasioned.

The sea was like a turbulent field of snow; the spray flew past them with terrible velocity—a single wave, ere it could lift its head on high, was cut off into foam, and mist and smoke; with the speed of an arrow shot from a bow, did they skim and gurr through the water. When the American cried out, "Starboard oar—hard a starboard," it was promptly obeyed, and the bark swirled round the stern of the slaver, and as she touched her dark hull, the adventurers seized the mizen chains, and in less time than we have taken to describe it, were safely upon the deck: the boat being swamped beneath the gunwales of the ship as she rolled to leeward.

The storm was now at its height—the captain was upon his knees crossing himself, and crying out to that God for mercy, whose divine precepts he had forgotten, when he entered into the dreadful traffic of his fellowmen.

At every plunge of the vessel, the water poured over her bows and deluged the decks. From the bosom of

the labouring craft issued a yell of mingled agony and terror, from eight hundred souls confined below, which mingled with the blast, and must have been heard far inland by the distant *Aldeano** who might fancy that a thousand fiends were shrieking in the elemental strife above.

"Where's your axe?—give it me! Antonio take another. Where is the cruiser? I see her—we can clear her. Hard a port your helm. All hands run up the fore-topmast stay-sail—cut!" rapidly uttered the dauntless youth.

The cables were severed at a blow, the sail burst from the bolt-ropes, the ship rose upon a roller crested with foam, careened round before the blast, and under the impulse of the hurricane, dashed madly towards the shore, passing the cruiser like a phantom, and disappearing amidst the haze and drift and surf;—in a moment after she struck. A tremendous roller lifted her again from the ground, and after several successive shocks, she plunged into comparatively smooth water.

The next morning the Esperanza lay high and dry a half mile from the shore, and landed her cargo in safety. And before night the bold and penniless adventurer was in possession of one hundred thousand dollars—his well-earned share of a cargo, valued at that time, at nearly four hundred thousand dollars; whilst the British cruiser was content to weigh anchor and renew his honourable efforts against a trade now almost universally denounced the worst of piracy.

The hero of our sketch has since acquired great

* Cottager.

wealth, and possesses an income of some two hundred thousand dollars per annum, and is a Grandee of Spain, with several titles of distinction.

It is nearly forty years since this incident occurred. He still enjoys excellent health, and in the conduct of his affairs is distinguished for that energy which marked his first career—as well as for every other quality that can adorn the character of a gentleman.

So much for making the best of a chance; the first instance, we suppose, of doubloons being coined out of a hurricane.

A BURIAL BY THE SEA-SIDE.

> Oh! place him on the shore—that grave will be
> Fit resting-place for him who loved the sea;
> And let the surges make their ceaseless moan,
> Where lies the stranger, tombless and alone."
>
> ANON.

THE shades of night were thickening round the foot of the mountain, whilst the hill-tops were yet gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, whose broad disk was slowly sinking into the bosom of the Caribbean sea.

The twinkling stars of a tropical twilight already gemmed the firmament.

Like a jewelled coronet, the departing luminary for a moment glowed upon the dark waters of the horizon, and then disappeared beneath the wave. As yet, his beams, unquenched, streamed forth from that bright pavilion to the zenith, and spread a golden mantle over the quiet landscape. The purple mountain and the distant cape were seen through a beautiful thin mist of powdered gold. That breeze which had waved all day the branches of the cocoa, and graceful palm, and ruffled the sea into innumerable white caps, had died away. Not a leaf rustled upon the mountain's side, or stirred the long rank grass of the savanna. The bay was like a polished mirror, distinctly reflecting the inverted images of the numerous craft that reposed upon its glassy sur-

face, occasionally rimpled into feathery streaks by the breath of a loitering zephyr, unwilling to abandon the shores now redolent of the perfume of flowers and a luxuriant vegetation.

In the shadowy places, the *Cuculla** was trimming his evening lamp, and sparkled upon the bushes or streamed through the air his phosphorescent light. So profound was the calm, that from a distance through the dewy air, peopled with myriads of humming insects, pierced the silvery tones of the evening trumpet of the cavalry guard, and was heard the tinkling bells of a cavalcade of mules descending the mountain pass, mingled with the solemn, melancholy and wild chorus of the African at the Baracoon.†

It is difficult to analyse the feelings inspired by such a scene. The prevailing sentiment is sadness, mingled with admiration of the works of Him "who spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea," and wonder and delight at the various and sublime transformations of lights and shadows. These feelings are experienced in every clime, whether the orb be dimmed in his parting glory by northern mists, or "sinking in one unclouded blaze of living light" into the golden mirror of a tropical sea.

* Cuculla—The light emitted by this curious beetle is so strong, that by the united glare of two or three you can read quite a small print. In the dark nights, a bush or tree covered with them, appears to be illuminated with innumerable small tapers. The Spanish ladies adorn their hair, and make bracelets and zones of them, which have a beautiful and striking effect.

† Baracoon—The place where the slaves are deposited soon after their arrival. At sunset they join in a wild monotonous song, keeping time by clapping the hands together. In the stillness of the evening, this melancholy chant can be heard at a great distance.

And now every sound had ceased; a deathlike silence prevailed, interrupted at intervals by the distant baying of the Spanish watch-dog,* and the first breath of the *terral*,† which sighed through the quivering reeds and trembling leaves of the palmetto. Suddenly the silence was broken by the tones of a clear voice, saying—

"Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He fleeth, as it were, a shadow—— In the midst of life we are in death"——

When a gust from the mountain swept over the plain. The gigantic palm bowed his head to the mournful night-breeze, which passed away upon its invisible path to the sea. And again all was still and silent, and the same clear voice continued—"Ashes to ashes—dust to dust—looking for the general resurrection in the last day, when the earth and sea shall give up their dead."—

It was the *Episcopal* burial service. Every word tolled upon the air with startling precision. It was like the voice of a monitory spirit. The profound silence—

* The Spanish watch-dog—Now the noisiest animal in creation; but originally remarkable for a rare canine virtue, silence. This peculiarity of the aboriginal dogs of Cuba, is mentioned more than once by Columbus, in his Journal, and by the Pilot Oviedo—"*hay muchos perros en estos payses que nunca ladran*"—there are many dogs in this country that never bark. In a subsequent passage of the same rare and costly work, published at Havanna in 1835, it is said, "that a European dog was left upon the island. Upon the return of Bartholomew Columbus from the Southern Continent, they were not a little astonished to find that the distinguished stranger had taught the native Cuban dogs to bark most furiously." We leave the naturalists to draw the proper inferences from this curious fact. We can only say, that it is a great pity the aboriginal stock had not been preserved untainted by the vices of the European.

† The terral,—or land-breeze—which sets in after sunset.

the hour—the scene—all conspired to make it solemn and impressive.

Upon the sea shore, within fifty yards of the surf that rippled upon the beach in low murmurs, like a dirge for the departed, a group of foreigners were collected round a rude grave scooped into the sand. The American flag, which had served as a pall, lay at the feet of the consul. At a given signal, the grave was carefully filled. For one moment the little crowd remained silent and uncovered, and then slowly left the remains of their late companion to repose in his humble grave, within sight and sound of that element he loved in life.

Under any circumstances, the solemn simplicity of that service is impressive. But there, upon that foreign Catholic shore,* where the "churlish priest" denied to the Protestant Christian the poor privilege of being buried in consecrated ground—where bigotry, prejudice and ignorance are as intolerable as the heat of the mid-day sun, without its light—the incident was strange and impressive beyond description.

Of all that attended the humble obsequies of the poor American sailor, not one will ever forget that twilight funeral by the sea-side.

* Catholic shore—There is no intention here to cast an aspersion upon the Roman Catholic religion. Bigotry and prejudice are not the exclusive properties of a Catholic shore. But local, and to censure the "churlish priest" who, in this instance, was as intolerant as ignorant. The Spanish priest of Cuba is a different being from the enlightened Roman Catholic of the Free States.

THE FIRST AND LAST SPEECH OF A TYRO.

My parents were respectable hard-working people—myself their only son. In an evil hour my poor father became convinced that his son Hiram Hock was born to be a great man. After mature deliberation and many misgivings, and doubtful shakes of the head by my kind and affectionate mother, it was finally decided that I should study the law. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I commenced curving my spine upon a hard chair, with my heels upon the mantel-piece in winter, and the window-sill in summer, perusing at intervals the lyrical effusions of the gay and witty Coke, the facetious Fearne, the romantic Blackstone, and the irresistible and inexhaustible Chitty, that Beranger of the law.

At the expiration of four years, with a stomach shrivelled up like parchment, weak eyes, and a confused notion of ten thousand conflicting principles associated with books bound in yellow calf-skin, I was presented by my preceptor with a diploma for starvation.

That worthy individual in spectacles I shall never forget: he was what is called "a thorough-bred lawyer." As a practitioner and special pleader, he was eminently renowned, and at the age of seventy-three, had acquired not only a subsistence, but some thought even a sufficiency in case of his demise, to prevent his widow from keeping a boarding-house.

All his actions were squared by rules of law, and the principles of his science. In his intercourse with mankind, he conceived the first duty to pay a fee; any dereliction from this important ceremony was a crime equivalent to high treason.

Several rules had been served upon him at different times, and notices to quit this transitory life, in the shape of blindness, deafness and temporary paralysis; but he still remained firm at his vocation, and not in the slightest degree intimidated by the severity of the attacks. By means of an antiquated process familiar to himself, but utterly unknown to the medical faculty, termed "the suffering a common recovery,"—he was again absorbed in the studies of his captivating science, never intermitted except to receive the "honorarium," all other literature in his estimation being not worth the snap of a *fi. fa.*

For nearly half a century this worthy gentleman had been seated upon an arm-chair adorned with a leathern cushion, of which there was a faint tradition, that it once had been stuffed with hair, but now as flat as a pancake, and as totally destitute of that excrescence as the shining bald pate of the distinguished sedentary. Empires had been overthrown by terrible revolutions; moral and political changes had occurred unnoticed by this excellent man. An occasional innovation upon the revered common law, would sensibly affect his usual equanimity, and it is reported that it was several days before he could recover from the shock occasioned by the passage of a law, permitting a writ of partition to be sued out by the remainder man in fee, before the death of the tenant for life.*

* See Laws of Pennsylvania.

He was just in all his dealings and strictly pious in all his thoughts and actions. Conscious of a vested remainder in the future, dependent upon a particular prior estate created at the same time, and by the same instrument, (*Co. Lit.* 49, a,) coupled with the comfortable assurance of an equity of redemption as first decided in the case of *Pulk* vs. *Clinton*, 12 *Vez.* 59, his mind was perfectly prepared and tranquil upon all spiritual matters. And yet he had his bar jokes, and reminiscences of ancient jests served upon a brother long since gone to final judgment; and on motion days, would wrinkle up his sedate countenance into something that faintly resembled a smile, when reminded of these traditionary *jeux d'esprit* by a facetious judge, who had just received his quarter's salary.

Under the auspices of this worthy personage, I nailed a piece of tin upon the front window-shutter of a small room, in the noisiest and most disagreeable part of the town, and with heroic patience, for many a long month bode my time. I will pass over that weary interval. How often did I determine to abandon the profession and plunge into the active business of life, but habits acquired during my preparation for practice, with an entire separation from men of business, had utterly unfitted me now for any other pursuit: I was chained to the oar—the die was cast. O that I had only had the courage to throw aside those hateful books, and seize hold of the honest calling of my poor father—who was an eminent little calf-butcher!

An opportunity at last occurred; a client with lingering steps and slow, absolutely engaged *my* services to defend his cause in the Criminal Court. Why this infatuated

individual appealed to me in preference to five hundred others, it was impossible to imagine. Afterwards it came to my knowledge, that he had applied to several for professional aid, but vainly, not having it in his power to perform that very important ceremony so agreeable to my venerable preceptor, and without which, it was impossible to comprehend the plainest proposition, but the moment it was pocketed, every thing was as clear to his perception as the noon-day sun—by the bye the only figure he ever indulged in, with the exception of one other, with which he concluded an argument to his own mind perfectly irresistible, that "there was not a loop to hang a doubt upon."

Without any fee or reward, vested or contingent, behold me preparing for the trial of this mighty cause. As I passed through the streets on my way to the court house, I was impressed with the idea that the whole world was gazing upon me. Cæsar's procession to the Capitol was nothing to the heavy forebodings that shook my frame. Upon taking my seat within the bar, in vain did I assume an air of affected indifference; my heart beat almost to bursting; my mind became confused; all the blood in my body had rushed to the inmost recesses of my heart, leaving my face pale and clammy as a cold muffin. I felt very ill, and once or twice was upon the point of retiring under a sudden indisposition. I was awakened from this general paralysis by an appeal from one of the judges, of "Go on, sir, with your case!"

My professional opponent, in manner, spirit and action, formed a strange contrast to myself. He was a pettifogger in the most unqualified sense of the word: uneducated, scarcely able to articulate three words of

English correctly, and with about as much knowledge of the principles of the science as a Hottentot or Siberian Cossack, yet bold, forward, conceited, and impudent, past all belief.

The swaggering air with which this gentleman of the bar—once a sailor, now twisted into a land-shark,—confronted a timid witness, elicited great applause from the spectators, and one or two roaring speeches with violent gesticulations and divers appeals to the fearless integrity of his own conduct, so overcame the sympathies of the tipstaves and the court-loungers, that every oyster-house resounded with his praise. Independent of these professional excellencies, he was a pot-house politician of great renown; between him and the judge therefore there existed a kindred sympathy of feeling, the latter having arrived at that eminent station by reason of the same meritorious services.

Diffident of my own abilities, fearful of the sound of my own voice, and embarrassed by the manners of the judge, who was rollicking back in an arm-chair, with his hand before his mouth, sliding something into the ear of his associate, which appeared to me a jest upon my person, or some stale joke entirely unconnected with the administration of justice—the curious enunciating in a bold confident manner of what my opponent, the sea-attorney, asserted to be law, and which he felt confident the court would bear him out with in their charge, so overwhelmed and distressed me, that I scarcely knew whether I stood upon my head or my heels. I however summoned up sufficient courage to rise and utter the following words—"Gentlemen of the Jury——"

These words had no sooner passed my parched lips,

than the concentrated rays of twenty-three eyes were brought to bear upon my person—for one of the panel had lost one of these organs, but the other was a piercer—so that I immediately felt the full force of my perilous position, a target for the whole sworn twelve to fire at. It was awful; my limbs trembled beneath me, my hand shook till the paper fairly rattled as I held it forth. As I was about to reiterate the words just spoken, the silence which pervaded the court-room was interrupted by a cry of "Stand back, clear the way for the Grand Jury," and in stalked the whole array and took their seats. The ceremony of receiving bills from this formidable body was finished. Burglaries, larcenies, both grand and petty, with one murder as a trump, were shuffled over by the judge, and then handed to the Attorney-General, accompanied with a grave remark that they were all right—and after much shoving and cries of "Clear the way, make room for the Grand Jury," which was reiterated by the constabulary in every variety of form and intonation of voice, order was restored and the twenty-three eyes again commenced mesmerising me. "Gentlemen," said I—a very long pause,—"Gentlemen—if there is one of you that will——"—"*a-a-t chee, ee!*" came from the one-eyed juryman, like the explosion of a keg of powder; such a sneeze was never heard before, nor ever will be heard again; it startled the whole assemblage. Some dozen loafers dozing upon the back seats gazed for a moment about them with a vacant and bewildered stare, then sunk again into slumber, to dream of pots of beer, lawyers, smoked sausages, and Grand Juries.

The twenty-two eyes of the eleven were withdrawn

from me and bent with curious gaze upon their twelfth one-eyed associate, from whose nostrils had issued that tremendous and supernatural blast; that gentleman's head, buried for some time beneath the rail, was not visible; my own impression was that it had dropped off or been hurled off, for he was very busy seeking for something upon the floor. Our apprehensions upon that point were quickly relieved, for up it rose again, slowly as if drawn by some powerful machine, the mouth wide open from ear to ear, his right eye shut as tightly as the one which some amiable playmate had gouged out in youth. Onward it went until bent as far back as the natural structure of those parts of the body would permit, every energy of that individual juryman apparently concentrated into the effort to give forth a sneeze which should astonish all mankind. Judging from the involuntary specimen of his powers already given, there could not be "a loop to hang a doubt upon," as my preceptor would say, but that this forthcoming effort would realize the most sanguine expectations of the audience. Bench, bar, tipstaves and spectators, as one man, with suppressed breath and staring eyeballs, awaited the awful explosion. There it comes—there was a slight preliminary gasp —a preparatory heave—the eye opened, the mouth shut, and the nostril ejaculated a slight "hitchee," not much louder than the chirp of a tom-tit. This was worse than the other; disappointment pervaded the whole assemblage, with no small mixture of popular indignation. There was something, however, so irresistibly comical in the whole exhibition that with one accord the gentle world of General Sessions roared with laughter—all except poor I, who was now doubly confounded; all my

pathos, the preparation of weeks, was sneezed away by that infernal one-eyed juryman; and though silence was commanded in every variety of cadence and emphasis, from the snap-snap of the newly fledged constabulary to the deep growl of the old crier, who was famous for the imperious demands upon the public for that which he never could maintain in his own domicile, I was utterly gone, dumfounded, and with one or two spasmodic efforts at articulation, gave up, and sank into my chair covered with confusion. What transpired afterwards, I have no recollection of. Upon looking over the columns of a newspaper some days after, I saw that my client had been convicted, notwithstanding a most powerful speech made by Hiram Hock, Esq. This was my first effort, with every probability of its being my last.

VON YEARLING HEIFFER.

THE CELEBRATED MAESTRO OF THE JEWSHARP.

From the remotest periods, almost every age can boast of some wonderful genius, whose intellectual or physical endowments, above all others, are pre-eminently distinguished. Bright and particular stars have struggled through the obscurity of the dark ages, and ever after shone with a steady, enduring and imperishable light. Others have burst forth like meteors for a time to dazzle and astonish mankind. Of the former, a Milton and a Shakspeare still shine with undiminished brilliancy in the literary firmament, whilst the coruscating genius of a Daniel O'Connell, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ole Bull, and Von Yearling Heiffer, captivate the senses and paralyze the gaze of the nineteenth century.

There would be much dispute as to the nationality of our hero, was it decided upon the principle of the ancient apothegm,—*non ubi nascor, sed ubi pascor*—making that place his mother, not which *bred*, but which *fed* him, as every empire, kingdom, and state is tributary to his genius.

Fortunately we are fully acquainted with the early history of Von Yearling Heiffer, even from the hour of his birth, and all the details of his parentage and place of nativity.

Germany has the honour of being the birthplace of Von Yearling Heiffer. He was born in the romantic little village of Humbug, and Duchy of Buttermilk-hausen.

With infinite pleasure we are able to record not only the day, and year, and month, but the precise hour to a minute, when that happy event transpired. It was on the memorable first day of April, A. D. 1823, at five and a half minutes past four of the morning.

His mother, Soosook Heiffer, was not what is termed a strong-minded woman, but remarkable for great propriety of demeanour, uncommon industry, and surprising strength of constitution: the latter she inherited from the English Bulls, to which family she was nearly related. She was what might be termed a pains-taking body, and addicted to very early rising. To this virtue then, may be ascribed the choice of that unfashionable hour to perform the important duty of giving birth to Von Yearling, that the rest of the day might be dedicated to the compounding of sausages and the fabrication of cheeses, in which separate and distinct sciences she eminently excelled.

From a portrait of that excellent woman which adorns the Hall of Churnagain, the palace of the Archduke Parmesan, we form a very favourable opinion of her personal accomplishments.

She was neither tall nor short, but perhaps might be more aptly styled a spherical beauty; that is to say, she was about as broad as she was long. This pleasing rotundity was usually encompassed by a short German woollen petticoat, the waist commencing immediately under the arms. Her head was adorned with one of

those exquisite little German skull-caps, plastered down with such skill that no phrenological developement was hid from view; or, more poetically described, as if some one had "plucked from her forehead an innocent love, and clapped a blister there." Her back had a graceful Grecian curve, though it has been intimated, (with what truth we will not pretend to affirm,) that the last mentioned beauty was an organic affection, occasioned by the weight of a musical instrument which her affectionate spouse was wont to place upon her shoulders, when perambulating the neighbouring villages.

This lovely woman was of English descent, as we before observed, originally from Cowes, where Ole Bull of that parish, the grand uncle of the immortal Ole Bull, was married to her mother, and took her to Buttermilkhausen. Of course the reader will perceive that there is an affinity between Ole Bull of forty-fiddlestick power, and the subject of our short biographical sketch.

So much for the maternal,—we will now glance at the paternal side of this domestic picture, for every thing that relates, however remotely, to our hero, has become a matter of the deepest interest to the world.

They say, it is a wise child that knows his own father. Gifted as young Heiffer is with supernatural abilities, yet, an affecting incident has occurred to the gentleman who claimed the honour of being the author of our hero's existence, which utterly precluded him from any personal knowledge of his distinguished parent.

Horntosser, the father of Yearling Heiffer, whom it becomes our duty to notice, was an original but eccentric genius; the perfect antipode in disposition and tastes

to his lovely spouse. He was one of those powerful geniuses that would rather do any thing than work. So perfectly, however, did he appreciate the skill of his lady, that much of his time was dedicated to her sausages and cheeses; but suddenly, under an impulse which it is impossible and perhaps unnecessary to define, he quitted his home and wandered about in strange places, with no other companion than a monkey, of very small proportions, who figured upon the top of a rare instrument of music, out of which Horntosser did grind exquisite and dulcet tones.

It is reported that so great was the popularity of this worthy gentleman, that he seldom appeared in the streets of a town, but instantly a crowd gathered round his person, and bestowed many testimonials upon him, in the shape of copper coins, as tokens of remembrance.

In an evil hour, Horntosser encountered a pedlar, fresh from the United States of America, who gave him such glowing accounts of that new world, that he determined at once to quit his *faderland*, and embark for that Eldorado for pedlars, organ grinders, and catgut scrapers.

But alas, how short-sighted is man! The gay visions of Horntosser were never realized. Upon his arrival in America, he was not a little astonished and mortified to discover that numbers of his countrymen had already anticipated him, and that every town and village was plentifully supplied with barrel-organs and monkeys without number. But such were the supernatural endowments of his companion, so exquisite was the cut of his jacket, and with such infinite grace did he sport his little military cocked hat, whilst the *Maestro* extracted sweet

tones from his instrument, that a large share of public patronage was enjoyed by both.

If Horntosser had remained satisfied with the slow acquisition of wealth, the result, perhaps, would have been very different; but either from the effect of the atmosphere in which he moved, or from some uncontrollable desire for the sudden acquisition of fortune, his powerful genius conceived the idea of teaching his monkey to discharge a little ordnance at the spectators, not being aware that in the execution of this astonishing and pleasing feat he was infringing the great ordinances of the city of Brotherly Love. For a time, however, he reaped a harvest of coppers and sixpences by this daring exploit, when the monkey happening to discharge his pistol in the ear of a doctor's horse, that animal, much to the astonishment of the spectators, and entirely out of the course of his usual habits, scampered off with a speed that quickly demolished the vehicle to which he was fastened, much to his own satisfaction, but to the unequivocal mortification of the owner thereof. The doctor made complaint loud and strong before a magistrate, accompanied by divers imprecations against all organ-grinders and pistol-firing monkeys: an arrest of the ill-fated Horntosser was the consequence, and he and organ and monkey were carried before the tribunal of a magistrate.

In vain did poor Horntosser plead in German his utter and entire ignorance of the laws. In vain did he urge that his companion was an irresponsible being and not amenable to the law. The doctor was inexorable, and so was the magistrate; and all the profits of this gifted individual were in a moment, by the scratch of a pen,

swept into the pockets of that functionary and his worthy assistants, by a fine of fifty dollars and costs; the penalty being made additionally heavy on account of an indignity offered to the person of the magistrate by the monkey, who during the solemnity of the trial and examination, was distracting the attention of the audience by surprising and perhaps indecorous feats of agility, unbecoming his position, which though they elicited unqualified applause from the spectators, could not but be interpreted as an intended insult. Superadded to which, there was a general levity of conduct, unpardonable and inexcusable in one so travelled and accomplished.

There was another reason why the penalty was so severe, which Horntosser will ever remain ignorant of. The act abolishing imprisonment for debt had just become a law. There had, therefore, been a terrible slack of judicial and constabulary business. The little affair of Horntosser was a sort of godsend which they believed it their duty to make the most of. The father of our hero became so completely disgusted with republican justice, for not permitting monkeys to crack off little pistols, that he packed up and re-embarked for his *faderland.*

But much had transpired since this worthy man had quit his home. The genius of his son had burst forth to astonish the world, and after reaping a world of glory there, had departed for that very land from which his parent had fled with disgust and mortification. This explains, therefore, why our hero never had the opportunity of knowing personally his own father.

We must apologize for this digression, if such it can be called, for every thing that relates to our hero is of

such absorbing interest, that this little episodical history in the life of the reputed author of his being, cannot but be of the greatest interest to the public.

Von Yearling exhibited at a very early age some of those surprising qualities which have distinguished him as one of the greatest geniuses of the age. We cannot but look upon fiddling and dancing as a gift of inspiration, which in spite of any obstacle will burst forth at the fitting time. No matter how overwhelming the difficulties, it struggles forth with a lustre proportionate to the obstacles that oppose its progress.

Which part of the human frame is the seat of intelligence has been a disputed point with philosophers time out of mind; and they who have believed in the theory of brains and all that sort of thing, are not a little confounded by the recent extraordinary men and women who have attracted and commanded undivided attention and admiration without the use of their heads at all. Elssler's heels, the supernatural elbow of Ole Bull, that might be said to be a complication of the concentrated energies of forty fiddlers' elbows in a country dance, confound all such theories, and distract us with the startling supposition whether, after all, the brains be not in the fiddle of the one and the heels of the other.

The Chinese have been laughed at for believing that the belly was the seat of the soul; but it behoves us hereafter to be more careful how we condemn a theory before it has been tried and tested and matured by experiment.

The godlike abilities of Ole Bull, though pressed down by every accumulative difficulty—not forgetting poverty, which is acknowledged by all to be a crusher of no or-

dinary power—burst forth like a suppressed flame. So with Yearling Heiffer; though thwarted by the indiscreet though well-meant efforts of his friends, he conquered all opposition.

In vain did they attempt to teach him the vulgar attainments of reading and writing. In vain was it an effort made to instruct our hero in some honest trade or calling, and thus cramp his omnipotent genius. We are happy to say that these efforts were all unsuccessful. His mighty genius was uncontrolled and uncontrollable. Sleeping, eating sausages and sourcrout, was his constant occupation, until an accident suddenly developed all his powers, and gave him the command of that instrument by which he was to raise himself, without that useless article called brains, to the highest pinnacle of human glory.

The incident is curious, affecting and instructive. A great fair was held in the vicinity of Humbug in the Duchy of Buttermilkhausen. Our hero was exceedingly anxious to go to this fair, and was promised the gratification by his mother, upon condition he assisted her in the polishing off some specimens of the skill in the sausage and cheese line. He fulfilled her wishes, and received from that worthy and exemplary woman a penny, accompanied by a maternal admonition that he would be careful not to make a beast of himself by any foolish and improvident expenditure of that liberal donation.

With this penny, Von Yearling Heiffer bought a Jews-harp, an instrument of music he long had coveted, and at once commenced his labours. He appeared to be born for it; night and day did this talented youth practise every variety of tune, never for one moment inter-

mitting his labours, a little sausage and a little sourcrout being taken at times to prevent exhaustion. In a short time he felt himself master of it, and exhibited his talents to the people of his native village. Men, women and children were enraptured; with one accord he was unanimously pronounced a real Humbugger, and an honour to the place of his nativity.

His fame flew upon the wings of the wind. The Duchess of Parmesan sent him a cheese, with a particular request that he would exhibit his skill at Churnagain, the Palace of the Principality of Buttermilkhausen. His performance there had the most surprising effects. Her Grace was thrown into such ecstasies that her life was despaired of for several days, but upon recovery, presented him with the order of the golden fleece, as the most appropriate gift for such abilities.

The whole court of Buttermilkhausen was in tears, several maids of honour had to be carried out, and Baron Goldschmidt who happened to be present, with the greatest liberality presented him with five shares in the Mississippi bonds, accompanied with a letter to Governor McNutt, in case it should be the determination of Von Yearling to go to America and tune up "those amiable transatlantic repudiators."

Gold now poured into the pockets of Von Yearling, faster than coppers were showered upon the heads of his father and monkey. All the world bowed at the shrine of his magnificent genius. Nothing was talked of but Von Yearling Heiffer and his Jews-harp. Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses were expiring with delight. At Vienna, his first appearance was awful. We copy from the Allgemeine Zeitung, a vivid descrip-

tion of that appearance:—The effect upon the audience was wonderful. The house was decidedly the largest he had had, and the performance unquestionably more thrilling and subduing than any they had previously heard. The last piece, the '*Carving de Venison*,' was received with such a demonstration of popular delight as has never before been witnessed in any theatre. After the hurricane had subsided, the Maestro came forward, bending low and holding his Jews-harp at the end of his nose, by the tongue of that magic instrument. He said in a voice broken with emotion:—

"'I vas born in Humbug, but mine harp is at yourn shervice.'

"He then took his harp off of his nose, blew that organ with a white cambric pocket-handkerchief in the most graceful and affecting manner, played the Humbug waltz in such an exquisite style, that every body was wound up to such a state of ecstasy that relief could only be obtained by parting with all their spare cash, and those that had none to spare borrowed from others, or the consequences might have been fatal. Some have never been unwound since, and are still turning round singing his praises in the most exaggerated strains."

Having exhausted Europe, we are happy to hear that it is the intention of this gifted and wonderful genius to pay us a visit, and from the success of his distinguished relation in the fiddling department, we have no doubt but Von Yearling Heiffer, of Humbug and Buttermilkhausen, will be received with an enthusiasm corresponding to his great *talents!*

A GREAT BATTLE OFF THE HAVANNA,

IN 1844.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

"Go forth, brave champion of your native land;
And may the battle prosper in your hand.
It may—it must! You cannot be withstood;
Your soul is fearless as your cause is good."

CHURCHILL.

FAR above the parapets of the Moro Castle, like a pyramid of clouds, towered the white swelling sails of a man-of-war of the largest class. From her peak streamed forth, in ample folds, a well-known flag, upon whose azure field sparkled the stars of a constellation, increasing every day in lustre. The dark hull of this gigantic warrior passed out of the bay, and majestically bowed to the swell which now heaved in from the broad ocean against her bright cleaving bow, which scattered aside the opposing fluid into jets of milk-white foam and spray.

Every thing about this magnificent craft was trimmed with nautical precision. Her bright sides bristled with a triple array of heavy artillery. As if by magic, the lower, and lighter sails aloft, were furled to the yards—and like a gladiator stripped for the fight, this grim warrior was prepared to battle with her country's foes or ocean's storms.

Upon the quarter-deck of that ship stood the veteran

commander, calm and collected. For a moment he cast a hasty glance aloft, then gave a brief but stern order to an officer near him, and again was calm and absorbed in meditation.

"What's the report, sir?" he said sharply to the officer who had returned. "Is our squadron in sight?"

"Yes, sir, hull down, but coming on with a spanking breeze."

Almost within hail, a fleet of men-of-war were slowly approaching under easy sail. The leading vessel, a seventy-four, carried the Admiral's flag, whilst the cross of Saint George waved over the taffrail. The American lay broadside on to the British cruiser, her main-top-sail hove to the mast. The same manœuvre was performed by the British man-of-war, and those two ocean cavaliers, at the distance of some hundred fathoms apart, as if in knightly courtesy, gracefully saluted as they rose and fell upon the waves. A boat dropped from the quarter of each vessel at the same moment. For an instant the glittering oars were held aloft; at the words "let fall, give way!" they both sprung from the respective ships, with a speed that quickly brought them together.

"What ship is that, sir?" said the British officer, slightly touching his hat.

"The United States Ship of the Line Pennsylvania," replied the American.

"And her commander?"

"Commodore Charles Stewart. What ship is that, sir?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's Ship Bellerophon."

"Her commander?"

"Admiral Sir George Brooke."

"And permit me to ask," continued the American Lieutenant, "where are you bound, and for what purpose?"

In a clear, firm voice the prompt reply was, "To the Havanna, to take possession of the island of Cuba."

"I am directed by the orders of Commodore Stewart, to repeat to you for the information of the Admiral, that *such a movement cannot be permitted.*"

"Nothing else, sir?"

"Nothing."

The two officers civilly bowed to each other, seated themselves in the stern sheets of their respective boats, and whirled off to the ships. Upon the quarter-deck of the Pennsylvania, the old Commodore was quietly seated upon a gun; as the officer advanced, he drily inquired if he had obeyed orders.

"Yes, sir."

"Then beat to quarters"—and the lively tones of the fife and drum were quickly heard sounding that inspiring call. A thousand active, hardy-looking fellows in a moment stood to their tackle and stations. The ship was ready for action.

In the meantime, signals had been passing from the British Admiral's ship to his squadron. Soon after, a barge dashed alongside of the American ship, and an officer of gallant bearing mounted the companion ladder, to whom was paid the highest military honours, and conducted to the presence of the old tar, who received his distinguished visiter with that gentlemanly courtesy for which he is so remarkable.

The following conversation took place:

"I have the honour to address Commodore Stewart, I believe?"

"My name is Charles Stewart, sir," replied he smiling; "and I have the honour to command the Home Squadron of the United States Navy."

After a pause of a few moments, the Admiral, for such was the rank of the officer with the star upon his breast, said, "I am informed, sir, that it is your intention to interrupt the passage of Her Britannic Majesty's fleet into that harbour," pointing towards the Havanna; "am I rightly informed, sir?"

"If for the purpose of taking possession of the Island, —you *are* rightly informed."

"You certainly, sir," repeated the Admiral with much warmth, "can have no such instructions from your Government. It was thought that there was a perfect understanding between Her Majesty's Ministers, and the late Secretary of State at Washington, upon this subject. It is far from the wish of Her Majesty's Government to enter into any hostile collision with the United States, with whom it is the well known and expressed wish of Her Majesty to remain upon the most friendly and pacific terms. Any interference upon your part in a matter of such deep and lively interest to Great Britain, would certainly involve the two nations in a war; I may add, nothing could be more unlooked for, and nothing more unwarrantable."

"Now look ye, Sir George," said the Commodore, mildly and respectfully, but with a peculiar air of determination not to be misunderstood, "whether I have positive orders or not, is immaterial to you; I shall act in this instance without regard to consequences, and for

the good of my country. I shall be plain, explicit and frank with you—our diplomacy will be brief. So long as the confederacy of the States exists, Cuba must not pass into the hands of Great Britain, nor any other scheming, enterprising, mercantile power. Havanna is the key to the Gulf, into which pours through the channel of the Mississippi, the wealth of all the Western and Southern States, nor can my country be insensible to the danger of her peace and union, which must instantly follow from that timid policy which would permit this Island and her vast military fortification to become a point d'appui for a British crusade against her Southern domestic institutions. At all events, I am prepared to assume the responsibility of my present position, and to sacrifice, if necessary, in maintaining it, my own life and the lives of all those whom I now have the honour to command. While that flag waves over the head of Charles Stewart, your avowed movement will be resisted to the last;" and mildly turning to his chief executive officer, he observed in low tones, "I think my country will applaud the act, and should I fall, do justice to my memory."

For a moment the Admiral gazed at the imperturbable features of the veteran tar, and said—

"Are you resolved, Commodore Stewart?"

"Admiral Sir George Brooke," said the Commodore, advancing close to him, but with solemnity and respect, said in the most impressive manner—"Do you see yon distant Moro Castle? its foundations are not more firm than my determination."

"Very well, sir," was the prompt reply. "I shall return to my vessel, and shall be under the unpleasant

necessity of blowing you out of the water, for you see I am ten to one."

"Blow away, sir, but before you make the experiment, be pleased to cast your eyes to windward"—for by this time the Home Squadron were within cannon-shot, bearing down under a crowd of canvass.

"What ships are those, sir?" said the Admiral, addressing one of the officers of the Pennsylvania, and whose face was glowing with delight at the prospect of a row which he had not tasted since 1814.

"Those ships, sir?"

"Yes, sir, those to windward."

"O! I beg pardon, sir, only the Constitution, Macedonian, United States, Java, Brandywine, Yorktown, Germantown, and Steamers Princeton and Mississippi."

The Admiral then turned round to the American commander. Raising his hat above his head, he said, "Commodore Stewart, farewell."

"Farewell, sir," was the reply, and the Admiral departed, every military honour being paid to him that was due his rank.

A cutter came alongside, into which I sprung, freighted with despatches, and orders to hasten with all possible speed to a southern port in the United States. As we passed the British transports, we observed that they were crowded with troops. We passed through the American line; every thing was prepared for battle—the crews were at their stations. The question involuntarily occurred, how many of these gallant fellows, whose hearts throb with enthusiasm, will be laid low ere sunset?

We could observe the Pennsylvania still hove to—

occasionally a bright musket or cutlass gleamed in the sun—and a flag now fluttered from the pinnacle of each of her towering masts. The squadron was advancing in line of battle; whilst the Princeton and Mississippi were hovering like hawks upon the flanks. The British fleet had filed away for the harbour, which lay directly on a line with the American flag ship. Whilst gazing from the stern of our receding bark, with intense interest upon the manœuvres of the two fleets, a cloud of smoke rolled from the side of the Bellerophon, and ere the roar of the artillery reached us, we could see the splinters and crippled spars flying into the air from the decks of the Pennsylvania—but no return to that terrible salute. Again and again, did volumes of smoke and flame pour from the sides of the Bellerophon. At that moment the dark hull of the Pennsylvania passed between two large ships, and the sea and air shook with a tremendous concussion. Every vessel was now engaged in close combat—all were enveloped in a dun canopy of sulphurous smoke—above which, we could see the stars and stripes still waving proudly. Occasionally a heavy explosion burst upon the ear.

"There goes Stockton's big gun; I pity the fellow that got that pill; and there's another!"

"Hurra!" said the skipper, and our little crew waved their hats, and stretched over the bulwarks, as if to jump into the sea to aid their countrymen.

Long after this scene had sunk below the horizon, we could hear the battle like a gathering tropical storm. What was the result we cannot say; duty compelled us from the glorious conflict. Whether the Commodore was blown out of water or not, time only will disclose.

If it should be so, we know what the people of the United States will feel for the memory of the gallant old fellow; and if he lives, and returns triumphant, we do not think there will be much trouble about canvassing for the next Presidency of these United States.

The foregoing sketch was written some two months before the meeting of Congress; we here append a report of an interesting debate upon the floor of Congress, on the subject of our sketch.

NOTE.—Quite a skirmish took place in the House at Washington, on Wednesday, between Mr. Adams and Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. The question under consideration was the Home Squadron. Mr. Adams said, in the course of his remarks:

"Nine millions; and for what? To spread our flag to the winds and show our stars and stripes in every sea. What else is it to do? Is it necessary at this time for the defence of the country? Does our coast require a whole squadron to protect it? Is the great maritime power of the earth in such a position of affairs with us that we need expect the coming of a British squadron here, to meet which this home squadron is wanted? No, sir. What then do we want it for? There was, two years ago, a report from the then Secretary of the Navy, accompanied by a report from the Secretary of War, in which there was an intimation that our navy, in comparison with the navy of Great Britain, was then as eight to one: that the British navy was, in fact, eight times as large as our own; and the sum then asked for the naval service of the year was eight millions: (now we are asked for nine millions—one million more,) and the report of the Secretary of the Navy contended for the principle that it was the policy of the government to go on increasing its naval establishment as fast as it could until it rose to half the size of the navy of Great Britain. Now put these two things together. Their navy was then to ours as eight to one: and we were to augment ours till it was half as large as theirs; theirs being eight, ours must be four; and four times eight are thirty-two, so that the secretary, in substance, asked of Congress to sanction a principle which necessarily involved the appropriation of thirty-two millions of dollars for the national service.—This was asked, I say, two years ago, as proper at that time for the

LIBRARY

use of the navy. And the gentleman has already said that if we go on increasing our naval force at the rate we are now pursuing, thirty-two millions will not be enough. No, sir, it will not: fifty millions will not cover the expenditure. My friend from Philadelphia, (Mr. Ingersoll) was I recollect very ferocious, about that time, for the burning of London, [a laugh] with our navy; he told us it could be done; and if our naval force was not equal to it then, he was ready to go on and increase it till it should be strong enough to sail up the Thames and burn London. [Roars of laughter.] Yes, sir, London; not Chatham, which I believe some Dutch admiral did once set fire to, or attempted it.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll here, amid much surrounding merriment, interposed to explain, and Mr. Adams assenting, he stated that he had only proposed to burn London in return for what the gentleman from Massachusetts had proposed, viz. to take a British fleet up the Mississippi and burn Natchez! [Laughter.]

Mr. Adams, I burn Natchez? I take the British fleet up the Mississippi? I never proposed any such thing. I bring a British fleet up the Mississippi to burn Natchez? Oh no, sir. This is an afterthought.

Mr. Adams observed that he believed that when the project of the Home Squadron was first broached, he voted for it.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. Yes: there were in fact but three voting against it.

Mr. Adams. Ay: and that was because this House did not then know what it was for. Sir, it looks to a war with Great Britain—to this first, and then to the fact that in that event the coast will require a large squadron for its defence. It is proposed to go to war with Great Britain, in case she should take a fancy to take Cuba. *That* is the reason for increasing this Home Squadron. That's it. It is WAR, sir.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll here said he was very anxious to put one question to the honourable gentleman from Massachusetts: would the gentleman allow him to ask one question?

Mr. Adams. Why, I believe not, sir. If the gentleman wants the floor to put questions to me, I think I had better not yield it, for I do not want to be questioned by the gentleman just now. What question does he want to put?

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. I ask the gentleman, would he let Great Britain have Cuba? would he?

Mr. Adams. I ask the gentleman in turn, is he ready to go to war with Great Britain? is he?

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. Without one moment's hesitation, sooner than let her take Cuba.

Mr. Adams. I believe so. I believe the gentleman is ready; and as that is at least a possible event, this Home Squadron appropriation is meant to provide for it. I am against a war, I believe the country is against it, and that they will support the proposition of the gentleman from New Hampshire. I believe that the morals of the country are not so deeply corrupt as to be prepared to go to war with Great Britain for the sake of a company of Creoles; no, nor yet for the sake of annexing Texas to the Union: for that is another of the objects in view.—The gentleman from Pennsylvania said that it is not by reducing the expenditures in the army or the navy that we can effect a reduction in our expenditures. No; but by administrative measures here, at home. Well, sir, suppose we shall adopt, at once, the British plan, and let the members of this House and the members of the Senate serve without pay. Suppose we strike out the items of our pay and mileage, and all the other expenses, as well of Congress things, and simply talking about the extravagances in the various Departments, and simply dismounting a regiment, (which he took for granted was to be remounted again,) and calling home the Home Squadron, which in a year or two was to be sent out again; if, in short, they did not do the thing effectually, and in the right way, that responsibility would not only weigh heavily, but would weigh destructively, upon them.

We have gathered the above from the able Report in the National Intelligencer.

STEAM AGAINST SAILS,

OR

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

A BATTLE BETWEEN A FIRST-RATE MAN-OF-WAR AND A STEAMER, IN THE YEAR 1845.

THE object of this sketch, the reader will discover, is to illustrate the great improvement made in this country in nautical science. For this purpose he has, by a species of second sight or prophetic clairvoyance, peeped into the future, and anticipated the results of American science in any collision that may come with the usual forms of naval belligerency, and shadowed forth in striking colours the omnipotent power of an element subdued by art, and which promises to effect yet greater changes in the condition of the human race.

The speculative philosopher and the scientific experimenter will here be presented with food for meditation, cooked up in a pleasing and palatable form.

What will be the effects when both parties adopt the same mode of warfare, or whether there will ever, under such circumstances, be any fighting at all, the second sight of the author has not reached. But that the old process of hammering brains out, the reader will

agree, with the "old hero of Trafalgar," to be "used up," and soon to be an ancient system, as feeble and ineffectual as the *catapult* and *balista*.

England is assumed as one of the belligerent parties, not from any hostile feelings on the part of the writer to her renowned flag, or with a wish to encourage any such feelings on this side of the water against a nation with whom it is our interest to remain at peace, but selected as the most powerful in naval strength, to whom Neptune has for centuries paid the tribute due to her valour. It is the giant warrior of the ocean sinking beneath the arm of science.

Bermuda, May 6, 1845.

To the Rt. Hon. George Augustus Vansittart, Oxford.

My dear George:

You recollect your last words upon parting with me at Chatham—"I envy you, with health, youth, spirit, an honourable station on board the finest ship afloat, and commanded by as noble a seaman as ever trod the deck of a man-of-war; the path of glory is open to you; it will be your own fault if you fail to acquire fortune and honour." I have often since reflected upon those words, and my own pride and confidence when I surveyed our magnificent craft, whose gigantic and symmetrical proportions were the admiration and astonishment of all who beheld her. I see her now, as she then lay at anchor amidst a fleet of men-of-war, like a towering oak in a forest of dwarf pines—her immense hull bristling with a quadruple array of one hundred and

twenty pieces of heavy artillery—her beautifully rounded stern and quarter galleries, over which waved that invincible banner, the acknowledged symbol of triumph in every sea—her clean run and noble bows—her bright decks and extended batteries, and a picked crew of a thousand thorough-bred tars, in perfect keeping with their floating castle. I believed, then, in the invincibility of that giant warrior, and that she could splinter to atoms whole navies, with one blast of her sulphurous breath. But, alas! George, you and I were under a sad delusion. We have been "pinked" by a cockboat, —by a ship we could carry as a launch upon the booms.

Heroes of St. Vincent, the Nile and Trafalgar! awake from your sleep beneath the waves of your ancient seas! Rise out of your red coralline tombs, and listen to a tale of the nineteenth century, as preposterous and incredible to you in your "by-gone" days of nautical warfare, as that the Victory, commanded by Nelson, should be captured by a French revenue cutter; or that one of Homer's heroes, thundering upon the plains of Troy, were toppled over his chariot by a pocket-pistol, popped off by a puny loafer. The Thunderer, with all her warlike panoply, is gone for ever. She lies, now, down upon the bottom of the deep sea. The dolphin and the boneeta glide silently over those decks, once peopled with a gallant band, nerved for a contest with storms or foes; and the ground shark rubs his slimy carcass against her gilded stern, or glares through the window's of the admiral's cabin.

But to my story of this unlooked for disaster, which has crushed my present hopes of fortune and prefer-

ment, and makes me view my teakettle, now simmering before me, with fear and respect.

Our ship, you know, was especially built and fitted out to crush the navy of those transatlantic repudiators, and, if necessary, to give them a touch of Hong Kong and Ning-Poo. This Oregon and Cuban war being however not exactly an *opium* question, it was necessary to strike a decisive blow. The prospect of a beautiful "set-to" with one of their crack ships, the Pennsylvania, was the constant theme for discussion amongst the middies. We all felt perfectly confident that in such a "pretty fight," we should bring that boasted ship home. We knew, however, there would be some warm work, for you know, George, they have got the old stuff in them, which it will take a century of crossing to root out.

Full of enthusiasm and confidence in the bravery of our crew, strength of our ship, and the skill of the renowned seaman who commanded her, we hailed with joy the signal for our departure. The day after you left us for your severe Oxonian duties—*i. e.* a curricle and champagne—we bid adieu to the white shores of old Albion. The last gun had pealed from the bows of the Thunderer to summon all wanderers on board—the anchor was heaved from its slimy bed—and at the same moment that a cloud of white canvass dropped from every spar, "Rule Britannia" was struck up by the band upon the quarter-deck. Slowly and majestically she passed the populous shores, booming a salute at intervals from her middle-deck guns—ten thousand loyal hearts from the shores and numerous craft responded to that salute in hearty cheers. In a few hours our

three-decker bowed gracefully to the first swell of old Ocean, and with a flowing sheet, foamed our way over the crested billows.

Her sailing qualities proved to be superior to any ship in the service. She sailed like a clipper, and worked like a sloop, and in a short time we were in warm latitudes, with a clear sky above and the blue sea beneath, through which we ploughed with a steady and trackless speed.

On the morning of the 21st of February, a sail was reported to be in sight, and orders promptly came from the state cabin to give chase. In a few hours we overhauled an American seventy-four gun ship, under the command of a gallant and distinguished officer. He manœuvred his vessel admirably, but was so inferior to us in numerical force and weight of metal, that it was perfect madness upon his part to contend with such fearful odds. He did, however, sustain a spirited fight for twenty minutes—commencing the action with three cheers, and delivering his broadsides with astonishing rapidity—and by some accident or another, for which I cannot account, managed to rake us twice, and did considerable damage, tripping up the heels of some fifty as fine fellows as ever pulled and hauled. An unlucky shot for him carried away his mainmast, which enabled our vessel to deliver a whole broadside from every tier of a three-decker. He went down, bow foremost, before the smoke had blown away. There was nothing visible but his mizzen-peak, from which fluttered upwards for a moment the stripes and stars, and then disappeared beneath the boiling waters. He died gloriously, as a

brave seaman would wish to die, in his own ship and the flag of his country still flying.

As soon as the excitement of the scene had passed away, the fate of that gallant fellow and his brave crew spread a gloom throughout our ship. The strength of our vessel was now apparent; every man on board was convinced that hand to hand there was nothing afloat that could withstand a well-told broadside from the Thunderer. But we are short-sighted mortals, my dear fellow; we little knew what was in store for us, and how soon a tenfold vengeance would be hurled upon us for the fate of that gallant crew.

Another sail was reported from the forward look-out, and again our ship was cleaving aside the brine in pursuit.

When first descried, the stranger was covered with white canvass, and looked like a tall pyramid of snow upon the dark blue horizon. Whilst admiring her appearance and the swell of her beautifully cut sails, you may imagine our astonishment upon the sudden disappearance of every sheet of canvass, from the deck to the pinnacle of her tapering masts—her yards all squared with mathematical precision, as if at anchor in port.

"Well," said the admiral, "that's the conduct of a prudent and discreet gentleman, and will save us some trouble, and perhaps some powder and shot, and shows a laudable economy in cotton canvass too. Mr. Hawser," addressing the first officer, whilst he gazed long and intently at the strange vessel that had just performed the singular manœuvre before mentioned—"that is the prettiest model of a ship for her size I have ever

seen. It is really a perfect picture. It does an old sailor's heart good to gaze at such a craft. She has some queer points about her, too—" And then slowly pacing the deck, he muttered something about "fine pleasure yacht—run into shallow waters—tender—" then suddenly turning to the officer—"How fast are we going through the water?"

"Twelve knots, sir."

"Good! In fifteen minutes we shall be up with her. You will take possession of that ship, transfer the best of her crew, with the officers, to our own—and, do you hear, Mr. Hawser? bring her under the quarter—I shall have special use for her,"—and he descended to his cabin.

The fifteen minutes had expired, and twenty to that, and yet the strange craft was not one inch nearer; on the contrary, the distance between the two vessels had seemingly increased.

The officers were collected about in groups, talking in whispers, and pointing occasionally to the distant vessel, which still remained out of the reach of our guns, and every stitch of her canvass furled close to the yards.

At this moment the admiral came upon deck, and as he leisurely walked aft, cast a glance over the quarter, then stopped for a moment, looked up and around with half-closed, inquiring eyes, then suddenly turning to the officer of the deck, sternly demanded why he had not obeyed orders.

"I told *you*, sir, to take possession of that ship and keep her on my quarter."

Hawser respectfully touched his hat, and stammered out that his commander would perceive, at a glance at

the chase, why it was out of his power to obey orders, as there she is, dead ahead, under bare poles, and rather farther off than when she took in all sail.

"What do you say?" And he mounted the horse-block, and gazed long and intently through his glass at the object of general wonder.

"What is the report from aloft?" The report was briefly given, that the strange vessel was a beautiful ship, taunt rigged, man-of-war fashion, no guns, and going through the water two feet to our one.

"It is not a steamer, sir," added the officer, "as she has neither paddle-wheels nor smokepipe, but decks apparently clean fore and aft, as our own."

"But there, sir, she is hauled up dead into the wind's eye; look how she scatters the spray from her bows—it flies clear over the foreyard."

"Brace forward the yards. Try her with as many of those guns as you can bring to bear."

Some twenty of the larboard forward guns were discharged in quick succession at the sailless stranger, who still continued her phantomlike progress, bounding over the seas, with the buoyancy of a cork and the speed of a race-horse, regardless of the salute which had dashed up the water within a few fathoms of her bright hull. The lower-deck guns were now cleared away, and as many more of the heavier ordnance slowly and deliberately discharged. The stranger was still out of reach, though one or two balls, fired at the greatest practicable elevation were observed to drop into the water in her wake. The guns of every tier were tried in succession, but without effect. In the meantime the stranger, during all this uproar and cannonade on our part, had run far to windward, entirely out of reach of the heaviest cannon

from our ship. We then put about, and the same effort made with every gun from the whole starboard broadside in succession.

"There goes her flags, sir, at the fore and mizzen peak, and a signal from the main."

"What flag is it?"

"The stripes and stars."

"And can you make out that one upon the main?"

"Yes sir:—Prince—, I think—aye, now it runs out clear in the breeze—*Princeton.*"

"Ah ha!" said the admiral, and he consulted a book with a blue cover, which was handed to him, "why that's the fellow that beat the Great Western a year or so back; no wonder we could not overhaul him; you might as well attempt to give chase to a norther. Heave the ship to, perhaps that light-heeled gentleman may come within range; if not, bear away and let's leave him."

The boatswain's whistle resounded over our deck, and that manœuvre was performed almost at the word. But the Princeton appeared in no way desirous to comply with our wishes, and had assumed a position directly to windward. An alteration had evidently taken place in her upper works, a portion of the bulwarks removed, and some huge engine, with the aid of our glasses, was perceptible upon her deck.

A broadside was then discharged from our lower, middle and upper decks. We all watched the balls ricochetting from wave to wave, and saw them again and again, one after another, fall short some hundred fathoms of the mark. The head of the steamer was then turned towards us, and at about the place where our shot had

dropped harmlessly into the water, rounded to, and again resumed her former position, broadside on.

At the same instant that an order was given to fill away, a sheet of flame burst forth from the deck of that infernal sailless craft, with a cloud of white rolling smoke, and simultaneously, with a roar like thunder, a ponderous ball of iron crashed through the side of our ship, tearing a hole in her sides that a Yorkshire farmer might drive a team through, ripping up the decks and timbers, scattering splinters in every direction, dismounting a half dozen guns, crippling the mainmast, and killing and wounding fifty men.

"Don't you think he has neared us? It will never do to be idle this way."

And again were all our batteries discharged at the foe. The repercussion of that cannonade had scarcely ceased reverberating from wave to wave, when another crash, accompanied by the same terrific peal, like thunder, came in abaft the foremast, passing through and through both sides of the ship, tearing up the transverse beams, and dismounting four heavy guns. The shrieks and groans of the wounded, seldom or ever heard or attended to in the din and excitement of battle, now rung through the vessel; but the silence of our own batteries, and the stern discipline of the crew, who stood to their stations with folded arms and compressed teeth, made every shriek and groan audible. The smoke from that terrible engine had now floated down upon us, and for a moment hovered over our decks as if to survey the scene of slaughter and destruction, ere another missile was sent to complete the havoc.

The Princeton had now taken a position which would

throw her shot diagonally through our ship. The consequences from such a shot were at once appreciated by our commander, and prompt orders given to present our full broadside; but ere that could be done, it came, and took us directly under the starboard fore chains and passed out forward of the larboard mizzen chains, shattering the already crippled mainmast, which for a moment tottered, and then, with a rushing sound, as it cleaved the air in its fall, crashed over the side into the sea, with all its hamper, tearing up the deck, and killing many who had escaped the splinters strewn about by the mass of iron which hurtled through the ship. Two hundred and fifty men were killed and wounded by that last blow. The middle gun deck, from the foremast to the mizen, was a perfect wreck; the shrieks of the wounded and dying were appalling. I have seen less havoc and slaughter on board a ninety, after two hours' work, side by side, with an antagonist of the same weight of metal. In a fair fight, blow for blow, the blood is up and kept warm, and death, in all its horrible and ghastly shapes, is disregarded; but to be plugged into like a floating target, with no chance to return the salute, is horrible; and yet our poor fellows, as I said, behaved nobly; not a murmur, though it was apparent to all, we were at the mercy of a foe who might demolish us at a single blow, or deliberately experiment upon our shattered hull. We watched with feverish anxiety for the next flash. No one knew where it would strike. For my own part, I hoped it would take us between wind and water, and finish the business.*

* This sketch was written some time before the unfortunate accident on board the Princeton at Washington, and however much we may de

"Here it comes—there's the flash—look out, boys!" and the next moment it passed over our heads, a few feet above the hammock-netting, with a noise like the clatter of ten thousand topsail sheet-blocks. Nearly a mile to leeward it dashed up into the air a pyramid of foam and spray as high as the maintop of a frigate; then, after scooping up some tons of brine, and crushing it into vapour, sank into the bosom of the deep, to communicate with its bloody associates, that had done such havoc to our ill-fated ship.

Whether this was intentional or not we could not then say. I, for one, confess I felt grateful for the "miss." As the others had been plumpers, we had no reason to believe otherwise than that it was a merciful warning, which our foe had been pleased to afford us.

The breeze had now freshened, and with it a sea had got up, which made the Thunderer roll heavily. The guns broke loose from their shattered carriages, and were crushing the bodies of the slain and wounded. Several explosions of powder had taken place below, and the alarm of fire was sounded. Altogether, the scene upon the first, middle and third gun decks was one which will never be effaced from my memory.

The old admiral still remained at his post, giving his orders with the greatest coolness, occasionally muttering to himself—

"Yes, I believe the question is settled—there is no more glory in naval battles. In future we shall have to draw

plore that event, it has, in the opinions of all, proved nothing, but that the piece was defective: the same accident has occurred repeatedly on board our men-of-war. A gun burst on board the Frigate President, by which Commodore Rodgers was wounded and some ten men killed.

lots for the first shot. But, as long as my name is old Bluewater, curse me if I'll be the first to strike the flag of one of Her Majesty's first-rates to a boat with one gun, though that be as big as ten of Queen Anne's pocket-pieces."

Nearly ten minutes had now elapsed since the last shot, which had passed over us, and kicked up such a dust under our lee; and now the Princeton had taken a position which would rake us fore and aft. Every moment we expected to hear that enormous ball of iron crushing through the stern, when she came down upon us like a steed that had long been checked with a powerful curb. Our ship was crippled and no longer obeyed the helm, and rolled heavily in the trough of the sea, at every heave shipping tons of water through the shattered sides. We were sinking. All hands were now engaged endeavouring to repair, in some measure, the damage, when our terrible foe swept down like a hawk, within a hundred fathoms of our stern.

"What ship is that?" said an officer, through a trumpet.

There was no reply upon our part. Hurried orders were given to run aft some heavy guns.

"For the honour of the flag which still waves over us, let us give him one shot before we go down," said the old admiral.

"Is it your intention to continue this contest?" uttered the same clear voice, "if it may be called such when the fighting is all on one side. I have come down, sir, to offer you any assistance you may require. I sent three or four messengers on board of you, and one over your heads. I hope the gallant commander of that once

magnificent vessel will see the necessity of sparing the lives of his brave people. If your flag is not struck in ten minutes, it will be my painful duty to send a shot into your stern window, which I am free to confess will split you in twain, like a ripe water-melon. You will pardon the figure, but I am a plain sailor, and a Jersey-man; that fruit is familiar to me."

He then gracefully touched his hat and waved his bright trumpet. As if by magic, his matchless craft quickly whirled round, and in less time than I have taken in the description, was a mile from us, as if impelled through the water by the will alone of her commander.

A council of war was now held upon the quarter-deck, and after hearing all the reports of the condition of the ship, and being convinced that she would not float an hour longer, it was finally determined, though with great reluctance, and terrible heartburnings, that the flag should be struck. There were four hundred killed and wounded, out of a crew of twelve hundred brave fellows, when we first fell in with this steamer. It would have been worse than cruelty to sacrifice the lives of the gallant fellows, as a target to be cut down by a foe from whom we could neither fly nor bring to close quarters. On my way from the execution of my melancholy duty, I passed an old tar, whose legs were dreadfully shattered by one of the heavy guns which had broken loose.

"How goes it, Jack?"

"Well, your honour; I believe I've got my discharge in full; but, before I go, just tell an old shipmate where all those three-deckers were that have been hammering at us, tripping up the heels of some three hundred jovial fellows, knocking ten parts into one, besides making a

brig of a first rate; for, blast me, if all of us, han't been blinking like injens through the ports, but I'm blowed if I ever laid eyes on any thing but the maintop of the Thunderer. Thank you for tipping an old salt a flipper, just as he's going to slip his wind; but it would greatly relieve my mind if—"

Death had laid his cold hand upon poor Jack. He felt he must obey the summons; and then raising his bloody hand, he murmured a faint "Hurra! for old England," and expired without a groan.

Our flag was struck just as the fourth bell tolled. The Princeton came down, whirled round our immense and shattered hull, as if to survey the havoc she had done. It was like the winged eagle hovering round the carcass of the dying lion.

In a few minutes, the boats of both vessels were out; and in a short time, all hands were transferred to the Princeton. Soon after the last boat-load had quitted the sinking ship, she keeled over—settled down by the stern—a column of water burst up from her decks and spouted into the air to a great height, and ere it fell again in showers, the Thunderer man-of-war had disappeared beneath the dark waters, which now rolled unbroken, where, but a few moments before, had floated a model of nautical strength and beauty.

It is impossible for me, under my present state of mind, to give you a description of the wonderful ship which destroyed our three-decker. At some future time I will do so. We have been treated with every kind consideration. The old Admiral has become a perfect convert to all the theories of our gallant captor, whose vessel is as

remarkable for comfort and convenience as efficiency in battle.

I have taken passage in a packet-ship for England, and hope soon again to take you by the hand, where we will discuss these matters over a cool decanter.

Such is my horror of steamers, however, that it will be a long while before I shall look upon one without recalling to mind the scenes I witnessed on board the ill-fated Thunderer. Truly yours,

FITZ ROY FITZ GUBBINS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS BETWEEN HOME AND CHINA.

PART I.

Let landsmen praise the shore—the sea—the sea—
So bright and pure and varied,—give to me;
In calms so smooth and lustrous, and in storms
So wild its motions, and so grand its forms,
Each moment wakes a new and thrilling grace,
As glow successive charms on beauty's speaking face.

ANON.

THE INDIAN OCEAN AFTER A STORM—SCENES ON THE DECK OF A MERCHANTMAN—CAPE PIGEONS AND ALBATROSSES—A WHALE—DESCRIPTION OF THE BIRDS OF THESE SEAS—A MYSTERIOUS VISITER—SCENE BETWEEN A MONKEY AND THE MYSTERIOUS VISITER—STRANGE APPEARANCE OF THE SEA AT MIDNIGHT.

OUR gallant little ship had behaved most nobly throughout the late storm, and we were now quietly but quickly gliding along under all sail, impelled by one of those charming and comfortable breezes that a sailor loves, that keeps all full, tight as a board, and steadies the ship, as she divides the dark blue wave with her cleaving bow, and scatters it aside in sheets of milk-white foam—hissing, boiling, and effervescing as it

rushes past her bright side, marking her track for many a long mile upon the waste of waters.

The accustomed duties of the ship were renewed, all were busy at their respective labours. The carpenter, a tall, raw-boned, methodical fellow, whose equanimity was never disturbed by calms or storms, had again rigged out his bench, and while whistling his favourite air, made the ribands fly from his jack-plane. The mate, an old whaler, and as fine a fellow as ever trod the deck of a merchantman, by the name of Gardner, was scanning with critical eye the spars and sails aloft, occasionally glancing at the compass, or gruffly demanding of the helmsman, "how's your head, sir?" to which polite inquiry, that individual would reply—not that it was better or worse, but that his head was "no' no'th east, half east," or the like, according to the course of the ship.

The captain, who had never left the deck during the late blow, was making up for lost sleep and fatigue in his berth below, whilst my fellow-passengers and self were industriously engaged with hook and line, endeavouring by these appliances to entice on board some of the numerous birds that hovered round the vessel. Sometimes these laudable efforts were rewarded by a Cape pigeon, petrel, or albatross, getting entangled in the numerous lines dragging astern. Great were the rejoicings then, and cries of "hold on," "take care," "haul in," until we had safely deposited our captive upon deck, when a careful inspection of his plumage was made, and a wondering where he came from last, what island he inhabited, and whether he was married or single, and had left a Mrs. Stormy Petrel at home, and

a family of little Stormy Petrels. Sometimes the question would arise, whether we had not got the old woman on board instead of the gentleman. We would then start him overboard again, troubling him or her with a line tied to the feet, which would sometimes get entangled with some of his aerial companions, and down they would "tumble headlong into the billows below."

"Sail ho!"—said a small shrill voice, as if from the clouds.

This startling enunciation came from "the boy Bill," —who had been sent aloft to clear away one of the royals,—a sturdy little fellow and a great pet on board, and whose duty being like his namesake of Black-eyed Susan notoriety, "high on the topmast head to climb," was decidedly the most dangerous on board.

"Where away?" quickly responded Gardner.

"Two points on the starboard bow, sir," replied the small voice from mid-air.

Gardner scanned the horizon with a keen glance, then turning to us, who were on the tiptoe of expectation, with a smile and jocose air, cried out.

"You, sir, upon the fore-royal there?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What's her rig?"

"Can't see her now, sir."

"Look sharp dead to leeward, you scamp you,"—and then pointing to the direction last spoken of, he said, "there she spouts—and a first-rate sperm it is. I have seen the time, old fellow," (soliloquizing with his eyes directed to the object,) "when a dozen boats well manned would have been skimming over those waves to get at your blubber."

About two or three miles off, a white jet of spray flew into the air, resembling very much a sail at a great distance, the next moment his huge carcass heaved above the water, and slowly sunk from our view. It was a large spermaceti whale, the first we had seen, though we had now been on shipboard more than two months, and had traversed both the Northern and Southern Atlantics, and part of the Indian Ocean. The birds deserted us for this new visiter; the track of the whale was indicated by the flock which hovered in his wake, but soon after one by one they returned to us, and resumed their eternal gyrations and balancings round our ship, occasionally tipping the wave with their ever untiring wing, then soaring aloft and circling the vessel in graceful and rapid sweeps. Some of these birds had been so long in company with us, that the sailors had nick-named them. One large black fellow, especially, who had a feather out of place, as if dangling by the skin, was dubbed "Old Quill-driver." I invariably looked about for him early in the morning, and was sure to see him, and had done so for three weeks past. Far, far from any land, do these animals require no rest? have they no home? We made acquaintance with "Quill-driver" off the Cape of Good Hope, at least three hundred miles to the southward of it, for we had given the Cape "a wide berth," and now we were not far from the coast of New Holland, more than a thousand miles of longitude; and there he was sailing about, sometimes ahead, now astern, then dropping into the water head foremost to pick up something that had caught his eye, again upon the wing as fresh as ever. Throughout that terrible

gale which had raged for three days and nights, he was our constant companion.

Never shall I forget the grandeur of the scene on the second day. Those magnificent rollers, known only to the Indian Ocean, more than a mile from the summit of one wave to the other. At one moment you are upon the top of a high mountain wave crested with foam, the next, scudding along a dark blue valley, as it were becalmed, compared with the fury of the wind which howls through the strained cordage when upon the summit. So long as the wind keeps up, there is not much danger in these seas, these immense waves seldom breaking, but a sudden calm would be fatal.

During the whole of that storm, "Quill-driver" was there, perfectly at home, skimming along the surface of the abyss of wave, to avoid the fury of the wind, occasionally abandoning himself to the gale, as if in sport, before which he would sweep and dart like an arrow shot from a bow, then wheeling round with quivering wing, stand as steadily before that tremendous blast as if fixed to some invisible perch. The night succeeding a dead calm, "Quill-driver" was missing, and we never laid eyes upon him again.

Talking of birds, I may here mention a queer incident which occurred after we had passed the Straits of Sunda, and were in the China Seas. A white bird, apparently with tired wing, fluttered for a moment round the ship's head, and alighted upon the bowsprit. It suffered itself to be taken without the slightest resistance, and was brought aft, apparently fast asleep, and was placed upon the spare booms on the long-boat, and by general consent remained there undisturbed.

There was something so confiding in the manner of the visit, such apparent utter prostration, the appeal was irresistible. The story was told at a glance; "I am weary and sorely wounded, all I ask is rest for my tired wing—for many days I've been abroad upon the waters, and there was no land."

His body was a pure white, and about the size of a tame pigeon, but his most striking feature was an unconscionable long and heavy bill, almost twice the length of his own body. The renowned and classic nose of Slaukenbergius would sink before it into comparative insignificance. So entirely disproportionate to the apparent strength of the proprietor, it was a wonder how it could be carried; and for what purpose it was applied by the owner, remains an undeveloped mystery. Various and entertaining were the speculations upon this interesting subject by the bystanders. In addition to this phenomenon, upon the snow-white breast of this "observed of all observers," there were stains of blood, fresh and as yet uncongealed. Where did he get that wound? what a bill! One drily suggested the probability of his being a collector, and that some vagabond "albatrosses," "noddies," and dissipated "boobies" had been feathering their nests at the expense of his employer, and upon presentation of that awful bill, they to a man had turned upon him, and by a sort of Lynch law endeavoured to settle his account for ever.

The mate observed he was "all sham, with a heavy *bill* of lading and no stowage." The carpenter deliberately took out his foot rule, whistling the while, measured it, gazed intently at it for a moment, shook his head, and was again whistling and peeling off ribbons with his

jack-plane. Dreary and unpleasant associations floated into memory of old tavern bills as yet unsettled at Newburyport.

The boatswain, a tough old sea dog and thoroughbred sailor and man-of-war's-man, by the name of Hanse, born at Philadelphia near the Swedes' Church, and claiming to be a descendant of the ancient Swedes, and for that reason a particular favourite of mine, muttered and growled out something about "a d——d queer rig, all bowsprit and no hull." Upon being questioned as to his opinion of the matter, after replenishing his jaws with an enormous quid of tobacco, and hitching up his trowsers, he oracularly declared his opinion without any qualification that "that ar chap was broke down because he was too much by the head;" then suddenly clapping his hands to his mouth to make a speaking-trumpet of them, he roared out, "Bird ahoy, bird ahoy, I say!" He waited a moment or two, but observing no indication on the part of him of the bill to respond to this delicate and truly appropriate application, turned to us, and with a melancholy smile observed, "he's done up," and then, as he rolled off, indignantly and vehemently declaimed against "any craft's sailing under such a trim, and such a thundering marlinspike fished on to his forehead." In the mean time, the tired stranger with the mysterious spot of blood upon his snow-white breast, and portentous bill, remained with closed eyes, apparently fast asleep, and perfectly oblivious to all that was passing around him; and so he remained during all that day and night, immovable and lifeless as a prepared specimen by an ornithologist.

At Java Head, the ship was surrounded by Indian

canoes filled with fowls, fruit, birds, and monkeys; every man on board had become the proprietor of one or more of those last mentioned animals: the ship was thronged with these vivacious gentry. The inmost recesses of the long-boat, stowed amidships and filled with barrels and old junk, was their grand retreat, from which they occasionally made sallies upon the surrounding districts, and when hotly pursued by their foes, fled to these fastnesses, and though poked at with sticks and other formidable weapons, yet seldom with any success.

Frequent were the complaints of Jack, that one of these long-tailed grinning land-lubbers had run off with his knife or tobacco-box: and many vain attempts to force the party to submission or restoration of the purloined property by means of those gentle appliances aforementioned, accompanied by divers amiable ejaculations, in which the souls of that particular monkey and all other monkeys, long-tailed or short-tailed, were consigned to everlasting perdition. In the meantime, the chattering delinquents could be heard chuckling over their spoils, a hundred little sharp eyes peering out from every crevice, and with impudent grins, hurling back defiance to their adversaries, in their own peculiar style of eloquence.

There was one of these depredators particularly remarkable for his boldness, skill and dexterity, the acknowledged leader of the whole gang of outlaws. The crew were all engaged forward; the steward, their natural enemy, was preparing his dishes; the cook, busy at his galley, whilst the captain and mate were intently engaged in taking observations. A general silence prevailed, occasionally broken by the flapping of the sails,

the creaking of the rudder head, and the cry of "mark" by the mate, to minute the observation for the benefit of the assistant party below examining the chronometer. At this moment I saw our vivacious friend of the long-boat emerge from his hiding-place, and after making a careful survey of the premises, commence an examination of the person of him of the bill. The scrutiny was long and intense; twisting his body into every variety of shape, now scanning the figure on one side, then on the other, then scratching his own back, as if under a momentary hesitation of what he should be at next. At last, emboldened perhaps by the apparent lifelessness of the object of his scrutiny, he thrust his queer little phiz close to the head of the bird; at this moment, not only to my astonishment but evidently to the amazement of pug, an eye slowly opened, and such a piercer! concentrating its rays full upon pug, who appeared to be fascinated by its lustre; but as the figure yet remained perfectly immovable, cunning, mischief, or natural audacity got the better of any awe which that eye may have inspired, and he commenced a very unceremonious assault, first upon the bill, then the legs; then observing the blood upon the breast, he proceeded with great professional skill to inspect the wound, when the awful bill was slowly raised on high, and descended slap upon the back of the officious examiner, with the force of a pick-axe, accompanied by a shrill scream, which startled every one on board. Pug lay stretched out as if struck dead; whilst the mysterious operator spread his wings, soared aloft, wheeled off to leeward, for a while visible like a white speck upon the blue expanse, and then faded from our view for ever. But long ere this the monkey had reco-

vered from the first shock; and was writhing about in an agony of fright and pain, screaming and chattering, and tumbling over head and heels, under the impression, no doubt, that the glaring eye was watching the chance, with uplifted beak, to give the coup-de-grace to his small existence. Finally he scuttled off to his retreat, and did not show his face for several days; but ever after, when capering about or engaged in some mischief, an imitation by any one of that awful scream uttered by the mysterious stranger when he planted the bill into his back, caused the little fellow to make all sorts of grimaces expressive of disgust and terror, and away he'd scuttle to the hiding-place.

The incident I have related was a delightful episode in our monotonous life. And though a small matter, yet none but he who has been confined on board a ship for some months, and the greater part of that time out of sight of land, can truly appreciate its value.

* * * * * * * *

We had all retired to our respective berths, and I was dreaming of home and my mother's cheerful fireside, when I was suddenly awakened by an unusual tramping over head. Coils of ropes as if hurriedly cast off from the pins by the sailors, clattered upon the deck. The ship, too, had altered her course, and evidently was under easy sail, gently rolling from side to side. I concluded a squall was coming up; for we had now become familiarized to almost every manœuvre, and could tell the meaning of any movement on the deck in the night; yet I recollected how perfectly clear was the atmosphere when we went below, without the slightest indication of a squall or even a change of wind. I was about to turn

myself again to sleep, when I heard the mate say, "How's your head now," and the answer of the helmsman. A silence prevailed for a few moments, which was interrupted by the voice of the captain crying out, "Heave again!" The next moment I heard the lead plunge into the sea; I leaped out of my berth; the cabin was illuminated by the reflection of a pale light through the cabin windows. Upon reaching the deck, imagine my astonishment at finding every thing in disorder; the ropes all cast off and strewn upon the deck, the maintopsail aback, and the lower sails clued up; the ship was stationary, whilst the captain and mate were standing on the bulwarks gazing upon the sea; which was as white as the purest milk.*

"What the d——l is it?" said one; "there was no bottom with two hundred fathoms." It had the strangest and most unnatural appearance, and created those indescribable sensations one always feels on suddenly beholding an object entirely out of our preconceived notions of the order of nature.

As far as the eye could stretch, from the mast-head, this unnatural appearance extended. Accustomed as we had been for months, to the dark blue ocean, the effect was startling and impressive; it was strange and unaccountable. In vain did we perplex ourselves with a solution of the mystery. The atmosphere was unclouded, the magnificent constellation of the cross sparkled with its usual brilliancy, beside its strange dusky

* Since the publication of the above, the author has been informed by Captain R——, a veteran and skilful China trader, and who has made a dozen voyages from Philadelphia to Canton, that more than once he has witnessed the same phenomena.

companion, the cloud of Magellan. All was as usual, except the sea; we were sailing in an ocean of milk as white as a field of snow. This phenomenon continued for nearly an hour, when we passed out of it, the sea resumed its usual colour, and we were again upon our course. The oldest sailor on board had never seen the like; it remains unaccounted for. I had taken the precaution to fill a bucket with some of the water; but upon examining it next morning, I could perceive no difference between that and the ordinary sea water.

Afterwards, at Canton, when dining in company with the celebrated Captain Ross, this circumstance was mentioned; he said he had seen something of the same kind once himself, and thought as we did that he was on a white sand bank, but that he could get no bottom with several hundred of fathoms. Be it what it may, I never shall forget the appearance of the sea that night, and the strange undefinable feelings it inspired.

PART II.

Land ho! the watchful topman cries aloud,
Land ho! re-echoes back the eager crowd;
All spring aloft, with keen inquiring eye
To mark where ocean mingles with the sky—
At first it seems a faint, uncertain haze,
That mocks the sight—then meets the eager gaze—
Retires, returns, until a nearer view
Reveals an outline of unvaried blue.

St. Helena.

SUNRISE AT SEA—LAND HO!—DESCRIPTION OF A SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL, AND A SPANKING BREEZE—SEA SICKNESS—THE COAST OF JAVA—MISTAKE WINDROW BAY FOR THE STRAITS OF SUNDA—ESCAPE SHIPWRECK—MALAY PROAS—MASSACRE OF THE NATIVES BY AN ARMED BARQUE.

Upon approaching any of the numerous islands, how anxiously did we inspect the chart for its precise position, and examine every book in our possession which treated of the navigation of this part of the globe, for any description of the interesting spot. At dawn of day I was upon deck; the gallant Rosalie was cleaving her way under a spanking breeze. The atmosphere was as clear as crystal; Aurora had tinged the eastern horizon with a soft mellow light, which was beautifully contrasted with the dark blue sea, gemmed with innu-

merable jets of milk-white foam, that crested every wave. Suddenly a bright ray streamed up almost to the zenith; star after star gradually faded away; from a soft yellow, the east was deepened to a bright orange, and the god of day leaped forth from the bosom of the ocean, gilding the summit of every glad wave that danced and sparkled and clapped their hands with joy.

Who is there of God's creatures, at such a moment, that would not bow down and inwardly adore his Creator? and what heart would not beat in fervent acknowledgment of His glory? I felt it all, and mutely bowed before that magnificent shrine. But mine was a season when no one impression long chained the attention. With what unalloyed enjoyment did I then gaze upon the thousand novelties that daily occurred and delighted me. Full of youth, spirit and animation, my blood coursed through my veins with healthful rapidity. The elasticity of limb had not yet been crippled by disease, nor my heart and mind seared by affliction; every thing was *couleur de rose.* I was neither burthened with the cares of life, nor oppressed with gloomy thoughts of provision for the future.

Frank and manly in the expression of every feeling, I imagined all to be governed by the same impulse. It was not till late in after life, experience and closer contact with the busy world dispelled those illusions. O, happy days of youth! with what melancholy pleasure do I now review thy joyous existence.

"Land ho!"—said a voice from the fore-topgallant mast-head.

"Where away?" shouted Gardner.

"Two points upon starboard bow, sir."

"High or low land?"

"It looms high, sir."

"That's it," said the mate; and as he came aft triumphantly exclaimed, "Hazza for my Lunar against all the chronometers in the world."

In vain did I scan the horizon in the direction indicated; I could see nothing like land, nothing but a small white cloud or two at a great distance; and what did the fellow mean by saying "it loomed high?"

"You won't see it for two hours yet," said Gardner, clapping his hand upon my shoulder; "those clouds are land clouds though; look at them well, that you may know them again; we sailors can distinguish them at a glance."

I hurried down the companion-way, and found my fellow-passengers, and Captain M., commander of the Rosalie,—as fine a seaman as ever sailed on board a merchantman, and as kind and good as skilful,—all busy with chart and compass. Again we were upon deck; something to disturb the monotony of the voyage was about to occur, beyond the usual daily incidents; something to look at and talk of besides the winds and waves.

I thought I could perceive, after intently gazing upon the horizon, something that bore the semblance of a faint blue cloud; then it would vanish, again reappear, but nothing definable.

I climbed the bowsprit, and amused myself with looking back upon our gallant craft as she gracefully rose upon the swell, rearing her bright prow high above the water as if to spring over the wave, then plunging deep into the brine, ploughing it aside in a cataract of foam.

Upon the bowsprit of a fine ship, with every sail drawing, it is a gallant sight to observe her motions, as she divides the opposing fluid. There is something so invigorating in the bounding motion of the vessel as she springs beneath you like an impatient steed, something so soothing also, in the unceasing roar of the torrent; a conviction that you are rapidly progressing on your journey, which from any other part of the ship is not so perceptible. But to enjoy this, the passenger must be familiarized to the sea. He must have passed through all the horrid ordeals a landsman invariably suffers, and almost forget the feel of terra firma. Mine was a severe one: twenty days' sea-sickness without the ability to swallow any thing but soup, whilst the mates and captain were devouring pounds of beef and pork with the most disgusting self-complacency. I looked upon them as so many cannibals; all this too, with no sort of sympathy for your sufferings; on the contrary, your agony is to them a source of amusement. There is but one being to whom you can confide your miseries, to whom you can call for aid, and that is the steward—you are again in all the imbecility of childhood, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;" you cry to him and for him, day and night—he is your only friend. I never heard that he ever had any other name. I believe he was born on board ship and christened Steward. Even he, kind-hearted fellow as he was, would sometimes nearly throw me into convulsions with some well-meant but horrid suggestions about the propriety of tasting a *leetle* lobscouse, or sea pie, which proposition had the same effect upon me, that I should suppose the offer of a tumbler of water would have upon the nervous system

of a patient in the last stages of hydrophobia. All this you must pass through and more; you will detest the sight of the sea, and yet be compelled fifty times a day, horridly to gape over the ship's side, with straining eyes, at its undulating surface, which looks like an unfathomable dose of salts and soda. It is a sensation which cannot be described; such a total prostration of strength, such collapsing, sinking, and turning inside out, like a damp kid glove: there is but one feeling of intense misery, and I really believe that if they had told me the ship was foundering upon a rock, I should have rejoiced at the prospect of her being still, at all events, for a few moments before I expired.

After you have been long at sea, there is a strange undefinable fear upon approaching land, especially in remote regions, only occasionally visited by the enterprising navigator on his way to some commercial mart. In the broad ocean, a sailor is always ready for a conflict with wind or wave. He there relies upon the faith of his nautical skill and the powers of his ship; but what sunken rocks and yet unexplored shoals, may not lay treacherously in his path upon an unfrequented coast! Such were my feelings upon approaching the great Asiatic Archipelago, and I believe the like sensations existed, though not expressed, in the hearts of all on board. The land was now clearly visible to my inexperienced eye—an undulating line of mountain peaks and rounded hills. With what delight did I gaze upon it—the first view to me of a new world. How I should love to traverse those shores, scale the mountain-side, and penetrate the solitary glen, where nature in all her primeval beauty reigns in solitary grandeur, as yet untrodden by the foot of man.

The most uninteresting coast in the world, in point of scenery, is that of North America. Upon approaching it any where between Maine and Florida, the trees are the first objects that are seen. If it were not for the regularity of the soundings, the approach would be exceedingly dangerous. The coast of South America, with its magnificent mountains, twelve thousand feet high, rising at once from the bosom of the ocean, can be seen by the approaching navigator at a great distance. So it is also upon the coast of all the islands of the Sunda group. Java, which we were now approaching, is one of the most magnificent islands in respect to scenery in the world. The mountains are clothed to the summits with the richest vegetation, which descend sometimes to the water's edge. Groves of gigantic palms, the palmetto, and the graceful cocoa, wave their branches over the sea that bathes their trunks.

A heavy long swell now was setting in towards the shore from the Indian Ocean, thundering amongst the rocks, leaping up the craggy precipice, and pouring down its sides in a perfect cataract of milk-white froth and foam. The trees bent and bowed to the retiring flood and sprung again to their upright position, again to be threatened by the succeeding roller. Every point and cape, and inlet, teemed with interest, and presented every variety of form, changing with the advancing motion of the vessel. Far above us, capped with clouds, was a magnificent mountain, frowning in gloomy grandeur upon the scene. As we passed a point of land, a waterfall burst upon our view—a mountain torrent leaping from a precipice of dark rock, prone into the sea; we clapped our hands with ecstasy. It was all

that was wanted to give a finish to the magnificent prospect. It was a scene of perfect enchantment. I was wrapped in wonder and delight: it was worth travelling ten thousand thousand miles to see. At this moment my attention was attracted to the officers of the ship, who appeared to be in doubt and uncertainty.

"Mr. Gardner," cried the captain, who was pacing with hurried and uneasy step the quarter-deck, "you have been here before?"

"Yes, sir—once in the William White, and once in the Tea Plant."

"Which do you call the Friar's Rock, and which the Cap?"

"There's the Friar to the right," pointing to a huge rock, that looked like a colossal monk in full canonicals; "you can run within biscuit's throw of it. There's the entrance to the straits." We passed the point, and swept into a bay; the water suddenly became green as grass; a large yellow and green speckled snake was lazily floating by the ship, but ere I could cry "look there!" within twenty yards of our starboard bow, an immense dark rock heaved into sight: the water poured off of its slippery surface,—a coming roller engulfed it from our view. We were now becalmed, and the ship rolled regardless of the helm. A current was evidently rapidly setting into this bay. The surf, which was not more than three cable-lengths from the ship, pealed upon the beach with the roar of thunder.

Every one was now alive to the impending danger. "Hard a port, with your helm, sir!—hard up, I say," cried the captain. "Clear away the anchor—move—jump, I say—get out a boat—clew down the jib—let

fall the spanker," and many other commands were uttered in quick succession. At this moment, as if from a rift in the mountain, a stiff breeze whistled through the cordage. "Brace round those yards! hold on to every thing!" The Rosalie whirled round before the blast and scud before it in the same direction she had entered—we were again in deep water, and escaped from an imminent peril. We had mistaken Winrow Bay for the Straits of Sunda, which has all the appearance of the entrance to the Straits, and would deceive any one. When we afterwards entered the Straits I was particularly struck with the similarity of the land marks. But I never shall forget that awful grim rock that took a peep at the Rosalie *en passant*, nor the thundering of that terrific surf.

The scenery of the eastern coast of Java is indescribably beautiful; but the prospect of having your ship's bottom stove in by a huge rock, or of your bones whitening those shores, or of their being made into drum-sticks or fish-spears by some amiable Malay, is quite another thing to talk about.

Flocks of tropic birds of every variety now flew over the ship; thousands of parrots and parroquets winged their way to some lonely isle, chattering and screaming, perhaps with surprise, as they passed over our heads. Now and then a beautiful little land bird would rest his tired wing upon the spars, and again make for his spicy groves, from which he had perhaps been torn by some rude blast. The air was perfumed with a spicy odour. The gentle breeze that fanned our sails had no doubt passed over many a sweet and leafy bower, or had rustled through the lair of the tiger. Under its gentle influence

we slowly wended our way northward, perfectly satisfied with our view of the interior of Winrow Bay, and with no desire to revisit its uncivilized shores.

We here had the opportunity of seeing for the first time one of those far-famed and wonderful boats, a Malay prowa, sailing "dead into the wind's eye"—a long lateen sail, made of matting, almost as big as a ship's main-topsail, rigged to a stump mast and supported by a long bamboo yard. One side of this craft is perfectly flat, like a boat cut in two from stem to stern; it is prevented from capsizing by an out-rigger of some very buoyant material of equal length with the boat: the speed with which these boats skim over the water, is truly wonderful. With the aid of a telescope we could see some grim-looking fellows sitting in a row to windward, watching the motions of our vessel—they soon run out of sight. They are represented to be a very treacherous people, and frequent conflicts occur between them and our traders in pepper, upon the adjoining coast of Sumatra; but if the story be true that was told to me of the conduct of one of my countrymen, they are perfectly excusable in wreaking their vengeance upon us whenever they can do so with impunity. A certain captain commanding an armed barque, whilst sailing along the coast of Sumatra observed several hundred of the natives, men, women and children, spearing fish, upon a shoal that run out into the sea: he luffed up to within a hundred yards of them, and in mere wantonness, poured into the harmless and unoffending group, a broadside of grape and canister shot, dyeing the sea with their blood. If this story be true, the animosity of these people towards our traders is easily accounted for, and any retaliation

perfectly justifiable; but the spirit of vengeance which appears to animate these people against all foreigners may with more likelihood be attributable to a terrible slaughter of their countrymen, which we will have occasion to narrate hereafter.

Having now run up to the latitude of the Straits of Sunda, the ship was hove to for the night, that we might make the passage by daylight. I turned into my berth, and was soon dreaming of rocks and speckled snakes, Malay prowas and spicy groves, jumbled together in all sorts of wild fanciful forms.

PART III.

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN. Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground—lester, lester!

TEMPEST.

"No more they shrieked their horror, boom for boom;
The strife was done, the vanquish'd had their doom."

ENTRANCE TO THE STRAITS OF SUNDA—THE FRIAR ROCK—PRINCE'S ISLAND—WARLIKE EQUIPMENTS AND PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE—AMUSING SCENES ON DECK—THE STEWARD AND CONVERSATION WITH THAT WORTHY—ANGEIR POINT AND ANCHORAGE—CAP ISLAND—THE WRECK OF THE PEKIN.

AT the close of the last watch, the ship had shaped her course for the Straits of Sunda. At dawn of day the land, which had faded from our view the preceding night, again loomed above the eastern horizon, displaying a long line of coast of every variety of form, from the conical-shaped hill, the peaceful undulating vale, to the towering mountain capped with clouds, upon whose summit

"Thunder holds her black tremendous throne."

As yet, distance had spread a veil over the landscape, which was slowly lifting as we advanced under the impulse of a steady western monsoon.

From the azure obscurity, objects were gradually shadowed forth into every variety of tint and colour. The mountain's base, still sombre and Claude-like, was beautifully contrasted with the bright summit tipt by the first rays of the morning sun.

Whilst I was contemplating this novel scene with the eye of a tourist, the officers of the ship were busy comparing every jutting cape and promontory and landmark with the chart spread before them.

The Friar,* with cowl and gown, stood beside the magnificent portals to the Oriental world. I gazed upon that gloomy monument, bronzed by the hand of time, and worn by the wave that for centuries had washed its feet; beneath whose shadow Vasco de Gama had passed in doubt and uncertainty, bearing aloft that sacred emblem, as yet to triumph over the barbaric empires of the East. The heraldic banners of many kingdoms now crumbled into decay, had passed in review before this solitary sentinel upon his outpost. A grim smile might be fancied to illume his features, now gilded by the slanting rays of the rising sun, as the constellation of a new world upon its azure field, waved from the peak of the adventurous craft that glided past him. With a strong breeze, aided by a current, we swept by the numerous headlands, and many a rock heaved up from the bosom of the ocean, by invisible myriads of submarine architects, and hewn into the grotesque by the attrition of the wave. All the senses were freshened and invigorated by this proximity to the land,

* A remarkable rock, about eighty feet in height, resembling a friar in full canonicals.—MARSDEN.

"A delicious odour profusely breathing from the spicy groves,"

whilst the everlasting verdure of the hills, with a background of purple mountains rising, "stage on stage," far above the fleecy clouds, softened the eye, so long accustomed to the monotony of a boundless prospect.

We were fairly within the Straits—and had passed the gates. For a moment an indescribable sadness came upon my spirit, but a passing shadow like that which yon white wreath of mist casts upon the bright and ever-changing landscape. Visions of home and of my mother,—more than half the waters of a convex world between us. Shall I ever repass these portals? or, have they closed upon me and my native land for ever?

To our left was Prince's Island, with a terrible reef of coral rocks, upon which the last of the waves of the Indian Ocean were spending their fury. For a short time after we entered the passage, we still felt the influx of those swells, but they soon subsided, and were, for the first time for many, many days, upon a steady keel, with hardly any perceptible motion.

All hands were busy getting up our warlike equipment—tricing up a hammock-netting to the rigging—grinding cutlasses, cleaning pistols, and arranging pikes around the mast and spanker-boom. At that time, vessels had frequently been attacked by piratical Malay prowers, and upon several occasions a whole ship's crew had fallen victims, slaughtered by these desperate marauders. Amongst the green islands, that lined the eastern shores, the dark sails of their wonderful craft were seen darting past the trees, and running to windward with that surprising facility possessed by none

other sailing vessels, and for which and their miraculous speed, they are called by seamen "Flying Prowers."

I could not but smile upon our formidable armament, consisting of four guns, two of them fashioned out of an old spar by the ingenuity of the carpenter, the other two a sort of nondescript species of dwarf ordnance, making up for a deficiency in length by a proportionally lateral extension, called *carronades*, in compliment, I suppose, to "that grim ferryman that poets write of." They were awful little fat apoplectic unwieldy fellows, with huge gaping mouths, down which you could look into the very pit of their stomachs, now empty, but to be crammed with the most indigestible, though highly seasoned matter imaginable.

After much toiling and rolling about, and holding on to their stump tails, for these creatures had stump tails, and much affectionate handling by the boatswain and his assistants, they were finally deposited quite comfortably at the port-holes, out of which they stared with open mouths at the prospect.

"That's a young 'un," said old Hanse, shaking his head pensively, "but awful spiteful little fellows. You can stick a great deal into them little chaps, and just tickle his tail with a red-hot poker, and he'll sneeze like thunder. We had bigger fellows than these on board 'Old Ironsides,' but of the same breed, sir. They will take any thing that comes handy," continued he, addressing the bystanders, "a round-shot, two stand of grape, a marlinspike and a pump-chain—"

"Yes!" said the carpenter, who was whistling his favourite tune with a business-like air, and with his foot-rule thrust into the gaping mouth of the object of the

general attention—"Yes!" said he, raising himself to his full height, and regarding Hanse reproachfully—"You fellows forrad there upon the spar-deck were sky-larking all the action, and wasting public property; I heard of yer—a heaving pump-chains into Bull; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"Were you there too, carpenter?" said I, becoming somewhat interested in the conversation. He nodded his head affirmatively.

"We were all there, except Robinson, him that we ducked crossing the line."

I afterwards heard that the crew were all old man-of-war's men, and first-rate sailors.

"Cook!" cried Gardner, "Cook!"—that greasy functionary's head slowly protruded from his smoky domicile —"heat a poker"—the head vanished, and so did the mate, soon reappearing, however, from below with ammunition, some of that indigestible food before spoken of, which they proceeded to cram, with much jamming and poking and hammering with mallets, down the throat of the passive recipients. And now he of the caboose was summoned to bring forth the tickler, which was clutched by the old sailor, a mischievous expression hovering round the corners of his eyes and mouth, such as would light up the face of an overgrown schoolboy about to perpetrate some joke.

"But hold on a moment, Hanse," cried the mate, "you've stuffed too much in this chap, it's half out of the muzzle."

The carpenter leaned over the bulwarks, took a sly glance at the subject of the last remark, then screwing his mouth on one side with a corresponding depression

of that eye, sticking his tongue at the same time into the hollow of his cheek, he slowly walked off, chuckling and wagging his head from side to side, as if he had heard or seen some exquisite joke that required his privacy for the full enjoyment.

"Bless your heart, sir," said Hanse, "they're used to it, them fellows is," and then confidently, "he'll sneeze it out. Shall I tickle his touch-hole before this poker get's cold?"

"Go ahead, and be d—d to you!" which figurative addition to the order was properly appreciated by Jack, rather as a compliment than any malicious intent on the part of the speaker to consign his soul to any future torments, viewed in the same light as Othello's

"Perdition catch my soul but I do love thee!"—

the same idea expressed by a sailor would not appear quite so poetical. Be that as it may, the words had no sooner passed his lips, when *slap bang!* such a roar; a volume of white smoke rolled forth, tumbling into all sorts of fanciful shapes, the water raked up into a foam by the grape-shot, whilst the ball could be seen skipping from wave to wave, flashing up pyramids of spray, until it crashed among the trees upon the shore; but long ere that projectile had reached its resting-place, the author of all this uproar had turned two or three somersets, and now lay gasping upon his back, the smoke steaming from his jaws as if overcome by the violent effort to disgorge the load he had been crammed with.

"Didn't I tell you," said Hanse, "that these little fellows were sneezers?"

"Turn him over, and see if he's hurt himself."

"All's right, sir; next time, sir, we'll hold him down tighter."

These warlike appendages to our heretofore peaceful deck were again fitted to their places, and, with the addition of the two wooden "quakers," no doubt presented a very formidable appearance.

We had crossed, the equator in the Atlantic and descended to a low latitude in the Indian Ocean; we were again approaching the equator, being about six degrees south; the sun at mid-day was far from being insupportably hot, as I was led to believe; the air was fresh and invigorating, tempered, no doubt, by the adjacent mountains, which rose to a great height both upon the islands of Java and Sumatra.

It would be an endless task to describe the various interesting objects of the beautiful panorama which passed before us. It was a combination of every kind of enchanting scenery. I have viewed many magnificent prospects in different parts of the world, in which one or two points of greater sublimity may have interposed, but none that combined all the variety of the first entrance into the Sunda group, and from thence to the last passage between Borneo and Sumatra, and the Malay Peninsula, ere you launch into the China Seas.

Towards night the breeze had nearly died away, but we still moved slowly on, and about sunset reached Angier Roads, the usual anchorage-place for outward bound East Indiamen. Preparations had been made for casting anchor. The royals were taken in, top-gallant sails clewed up, the lower sails long since, when at a particular spot the fore and main-topsail halyards were let go. The anchor plunged from the bow, dragging

the chain cable with such rapidity through the hawse-holes that the ship trembled from stem to stern; a silence announced the fact of touching ground for the first time on this side of the world; after a few moments, the gallant Rosalie swung round to her anchor and was stationary.

What a charming party gathered round our table that evening! The unwieldy frame-work, to secure the plates and dishes from rolling off, was removed, candlesticks placed parlour-wise upon a clear table, and we looked forward to the morrow to see it adorned with all the luxuries of fresh fish, fowls, fruit and vegetables.

"Steward!"

"Sir!" promptly responded that excellent fellow, who was busily arranging his crockery in his sanctum, familiarly known to us as his pantry, and from which, in the early stages of the voyage, many a sickening compound of tea, brown sugar, coffee, onions, cheese and brandy had steamed forth upon our then too delicate olfactories.

"Steward!" roared the same voice.

"Sir-*er*-r!" again responded that gentleman, trolling out the word, jerking forth the middle of it with great energy, and finishing with a dying cadence, that might be interpreted either into the spirit of prompt obedience or a curse upon the appellant's impatience. "I'm here, sir," appearing the next moment with a bottle in one hand and a napkin in the other.

"Steward!"

"Well, sir!"

"Have you freshened a round of salt junk for dinner to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir—have had a piece out of the harness cask, overboard from the bowsprit, dipping in the sea all day."

"Give it to the crew."

"Steward!"

"Sir!"

"Can you make turtle soup?"

He of the pantry, instead of immediately responding to this delicate inquiry, smiled mournfully, a slight ebullition of feeling, checked by an habitual respect for his superiors, glistened in his eyes and mantled round the corners of his capacious mouth; his vanity had been touched in the tenderest point.—"Have I lived to be asked that question? *Can* I make turtle soup?" Then casting down his eyes and surveying those ten interesting little appendages, that had so often participated in his wanderings from camboose to cabin, and from cabin to camboose, dwelling fondly for a moment upon the younger branches of that fraternity, worn down to a stump with a laudable ambition to keep up with their superiors, in which, to his then excited imagination, was morally shadowed forth his own painful position, he muttered abstractedly, "*pre*haps the gentlemen wouldn't relish it with the calipatch cut in slices, some allspice, a lemon, a dash of claret or old port wine, with seasoning to suit. No—*pre*haps," continued he, with a deep sigh and provoking air of doubt, as if soliloquizing, "*pre*haps they wouldn't like the calapee fried in the shell, with hard-boiled eggs, and grated biscuit, and force-meat balls—*pre*haps—Oh no!"

"That will do, Steward," we all cried, "you're the

boy;" and off he walked, mumbling something about, "Do I know how to make turtle soup? eggs, butter"—

"Steward!"

"Sir!" responded that distinguished functionary in a tone subdued by feeling.

"Tell the carpenter to razee a couple of water-casks, for I want to lay in a store to-morrow of fat turtle."

After amusing ourselves for some time, prattling of the past and of various subjects incident to our position, we ascended to the deck. A dead silence reigned throughout the ship, interrupted only by the lapping of the small waves against the sides of the vessel, and the moaning of the night-breeze through the cordage. Along the shore, which was shrouded in gloom, an occasional light for a minute glimmered, then disappeared. It was a beautiful night, and the southern constellations of the Centaur, Cross and Argo, shone with singular lustre upon the clear blue firmament. Now and then, a Malay prower, silently and swiftly, like a phantom, darted across the bows of our vessel, and glided over the sparkling waters, silvered by the rays of a planet, and quickly was lost from view in the deep shadows of the mountain. These dark gliding objects were watched with anxiety, and every preparation made to resist any attack from a people that fatal experience had taught the merchantman he was liable to at any moment.

Cap Island loomed in the distance obscurely, like an immense dome: a spot rendered famous by the wreck of the Pekin, an American merchantman, of the port of Philadelphia, freighted with a cargo valued at more than half a million of dollars. For the details of that terrible disaster, I am indebted to the gentleman who

was passenger and supercargo on board that ill-fated vessel.

Whilst beating out of the Straits, on her return voyage from Canton, on the afternoon preceding the night of the disaster, the Pekin was spoken by a British sloop-of-war, called the Proteus, and warned against so dangerous an experiment. Upon approaching Cap Island, under a gentle breeze, with all sail set, and every prospect of weathering it, the wind suddenly died away, and it immediately became apparent to every one on board that the Pekin was sweeping down broadside upon the island, under the irresistible influence of a current running like a mill-race.

In a moment after she struck upon a rock, near the bows, and heeled over—her yards touching the rocks—which towered above the peak of the mainmast. And there she lay, hanging by the bows, upon the pinnacle of a rock, whilst from the stern no bottom could be found with a line of eighty fathoms. Signals of distress were made, by firing of guns and burning of blue lights, to attract the attention of the British sloop-of-war, then at anchor upon the very spot where the Rosalie now so calmly reposed. They were not made in vain. The gallant officer in command of that vessel quickly got under way, and at dawn of day was ready to assist, and, if possible, to save the vessel.

Such was the great depth of water near the wreck, that the commander of the sloop-of-war was compelled to bend on two cables before he could bring his vessel to an anchor. The captain's boat soon came under the stern of the Pekin; as he approached, he could distinctly be heard, reading aloud the name of the ill-fated ship—

"'The Pekin, of Philadelphia.' Ha, ha, Brother Jonathan, you've got it! I told you so yesterday."

The water had made such progress in the hold of the Pekin that she was settling fast, and fears arose that she would sink stern foremost in deep water, and all hands be swallowed up in the vortex.

Every exertion was now made by the hands, aided by the crew of the British cruiser, to save as much of the cargo as possible.

The teas, saturated with water, began to swell, lifting up the decks and cracking the transverse beams. The most costly silks, intended to adorn the person of many a bright-eyed Yankee girl, now stained with sea water, fluttered from the ropes and spars of both vessels. We might with safety say, that no vessel of war was ever so costly adorned as the British cruiser, not even the famed barge of Cleopatra. Two hundred thousand dollars worth of the richest silks of China, of the choicest colours, hanging in festoons from the highest pinnacle of her tall masts to the decks, even the bulwarks and hammock-cloths were lined with velvet, and a thirty-two pound carronade peeped from beneath the folds of a damask brocade. After they had become sufficiently dried, they were crammed, in bulk, into the hold of the Proteus.

The teas were thrown into the sea as fast as a hundred hands could work. The ocean was dyed a deeper green. Four hundred thousand dollars' worth of the choicest teas, from the odoriferous Chulan to the pungent Imperial, set to draw in that vast cauldron, sweetened with rock-candy and creamed with the foam of the "white cap!" If old Neptune ever filled his horn with that fashionable

beverage, what a tea-party Amphitryon and the Tritons must have had in their coral groves. We can imagine the mermaids of the Asiatic Archipelago—combing their tresses and preparing for a general submarine soiree, whilst innumerable syrens chant a gleeful chorus in anticipation of the coming joys. The inhabitants of the rock, the while, had not been idle: every projecting branch and jutty crag of the overhanging precipice was thronged with spectators, mowing and chattering and grinning at the novel and busy scene beneath them. The dandy little ring-tailed monkey, and the solemn and sedentary ape, with hinder parts all worn bare, thronged above, or occasionally caught at a flying ribbon that flaunted in their faces. Spectators of a more dangerous character lined the shores of Sumatra, Java, and Crockatoa, like jackalls ready to pounce upon the carcass so soon as the royal beast should retire. Every cape and bay thronged with the Malay craft, from the light and buoyant bark canoe to the warlike prower, with its hundred kreesed warriors, all thirsting for blood and plunder,—many of that fierce band, that now moved in all the vigour of savage manhood, soon destined to dye their native sea with their own blood, their mangled corses a prey for the greedy shark or soaring vulture.

The Pekin was abandoned to her fate, the crew remained on board the British sloop of war, where every attention was shown to them by the gallant commander, whose name, we regret, we cannot here record. As a prelude to the subsequent event, and with a view to extenuate, if possible, the conduct of the British officer in the execution of that dreadful tragedy which to this day is remembered by the natives of those islands, it

were well to mention, that some dreadful piracies had occurred in those seas upon British and American merchantmen. In several instances vessels had been boarded in the night by Malays, and every soul on board put to torture and death and *eaten*. The cruelties and tortures suffered by the helpless victims, before death, are too shocking to narrate. With a view to suppress these piracies by some signal blow of vengeance, the British Government had sent a squadron into those seas, of which the Proteus was a part. As yet, no opportunity had occurred to the Admiral to carry out his instructions, but the wreck of the Pekin was about to afford him the means of striking a terrible blow. A few days after the incidents recorded, the Proteus fell in with the frigate of the Admiral, and after relating to him all the circumstances, orders were given immediately to return to the wreck, and, if possible, to get her off.

The Proteus bore away for the wreck, but upon approaching Cap Island, to the astonishment and mortification of the British captain, the Pekin had floated off the rock upon which she had apparently been impaled, and had drifted down upon the Goodwin Sands, where she lay high out of the water surrounded by at least a thousand canoes, the decks thronged with Malays, stripping the vessel of every thing portable. Upon observing the sloop of war rounding the point, advancing slowly under her topsails, against a strong current, the plunderers deserted the wreck with the greatest precipitation, and paddled off in a body for the Island of Sumatra. The motion of the man-of-war was impeded purposely by drags to deceive the flying fleet, which was now crowded together, yet rapidly skimming over the water

under the impulse of three thousand vigorous savages. The moment they had fairly gained the middle of the channel, a cloud of canvass covered the spars of the advancing cruiser, and she sprung through the water, steering directly for the centre of the fugitives, who were now uttering wild cries of terror, scattering to the right and left in doubt, dismay, and uncertainty, like a flock of birds, into whose centre a devouring hawk had made a swoop. Onward came the terrible ship—her long black hull cleaving through the water, which roared at her bows like a cataract. Suddenly her main-topsail was hove to the mast, a long line of red ports flew open, from which protruded an array of bristling cannon: a voice like that which at such a moment sounded to the Malays as of a destroying angel, clear and piercing, "trumpet toned," cried—"*Port and starboard fire!*—at the same moment a whole broadside of grape and cannister burst from her dark sides in sheets of flame, and with the roar of thunder, tearing the water up into a foam, and crashing amidst the canoes, which were now hid from view by dense volumes of smoke. From that sulphurous canopy arose a yell of agony and terror, which was heard even above the roar of artillery, which three times, right and left, vomited forth fire and destruction upon those miserable wretches.

From this field of carnage, slowly emerged the dark hull of the grim warrior, now sated with blood—the cross of St. George with its ensanguined field, fluttering from her peak, and from the pinnacle of her tapering masts—and was again upon her course ere the echoes of that terrible cannonade had ceased reverberating from shore to shore. Upon the dying and the dead, was

spread a thick dark canopy of smoke, as a pall upon the blood-stained sea, which was slowly lifted by the returning breeze, exposing all the horrors of the scene. A thousand wretches had been hurled into eternity, whilst almost as many more were either wounded or floundering in the water, a prey to the shark, the water lashed into a foam by these monsters of the deep, struggling for their prey. The blow had been struck, and a terrible one. It had become absolutely necessary for the protection of commerce to inflict a chastisement upon these marauders that thronged the great highway to India and China—whether it was too sanguinary or not, we must forbear to form any hasty decision, but there is no doubt many years passed away before any piracies occurred upon those seas.

PART IV.

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
But in his motions like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

SHAKSPEARE.

NIGHT SCENE IN THE TROPICS—SUNRISE—A VISIT FROM THE NATIVES OF JAVA—TRADING FOR PROVISIONS—DIALOGUE BETWEEN BOATSWAIN AND ORIENTAL LOAFER—A MALAY DANDY—ANTIQUITY OF THE JAVANESE—SUPERSTITIONS—SECOND SIGHT—ANCIENT TEMPLES—THE BUFFALO'S SKULL—GENERAL ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—THE CUP TREE.

For many hours did I remain upon deck, contemplating the silent glories of that tropical night. The scene was novel, and of indescribable grandeur. I could scarcely realize the truth of my position, so sudden the transition from the common-place scenery of the West. It seemed like one of those unaccountable transformations in a dream. The tedious voyage across the desert of trackless waters is forgotten—and fresh with all the associations and habits inseparably linked in with our life, and indelibly engraved upon our minds, we tread the soil of another hemisphere, the antipode to our own in every particular. The stars above are

strangers to me, and the earth beneath my feet. The air we breathe so thick with the perfume of spicy groves. Every thing around and above conspired to make deep and lasting impressions, which time has not effaced.

The dark towering mountains whose giant shadows stretched across the land and waters—"the thousand isles," with their coral caves and rocks and murmuring shores—the rich perfume borne through the dewy air by the gentle breeze, that fanned my cheek and stirred my hair, and gently agitated the beautiful sea, that sparkled beneath the rays of a planet—the phantom-like craft of the natives that glided past the headlands and then were lost in the deep shadows—but above all, the clear deep blue sky, with its celestial decorations, the constellations of the southern hemisphere, heavenly lamps hanging down, detached from the magnificent vault—beyond which the eye can pierce into illimitable space; whilst gazing, a sentiment of admiration and awe creeps upon the spirit, and transports us at once into the bosom of the Deity.

But for this elevating sentiment of the soul, the deep sense of the humility of our insignificance would be overpowering.

An inhabitant of northern climes cannot imagine the brilliancy of the stars of the southern hemisphere—the constellations of the Cross, Centaur, and Argo, shine with such lustre as to distinctly mark your shadow, and others of the first and second magnitude can be observed rising from the horizon or descending beneath it, their amplitudes or distances be taken as accurately as the sun or moon.

Many a bright planet that had adorned the zenith was sinking beneath the wave or retired behind the distant mountains ere I sought repose, with a determination, however, to be up with the dawn and witness the sun rise over those eastern hills.

So profound were my slumbers after the excitement and fatigues of the day, that the sun might have risen and run his diurnal course without the honour of my presence, had it not been for the timely interference of one who cared as little about the picturesque as a shovel-nosed shark for an ice cream. One or two shakes from that worthy fellow, whose merits I have before spoken of, effectually awakened me, and I was soon breathing the fresh morning air.

The numerous bays and islands were still in shadow. The night mists were slowly rising from the valleys, and curling up the sides of the hills, festooning the dark purple mountains with fantastic wreaths, or flung like a white scarf across the ravines. The brilliant white dawn of a tropical morning adorned the eastern horizon, insensibly ascending the heavens as far as the zenith, into a multitude of intermediate shades, from the mellow tint of yellow to the rich orange, lively vermilion, and deep violet, gorgeously resplendent, in a magnificent series of harmonic contrasts.

From behind the dark peak of Crockatoa, which for a moment glowed like a volcano, the sun rose in all his majesty, and shed his glories upon the lovely landscape, and animated every thing with his presence; the waters danced and sparkled beneath his beams—the groves of palms waved their long branches in graceful salutation

to the morning breeze—and the clouds of the night that had slept upon the hills, pierced by his salient rays, fled westward in rolling scattered columns.

Flocks of tropical birds, with glittering plumage, winged their way across the channel. The sea and every bay was enlivened by the craft of the natives, skimming over the surface with their long lateen sails, or paddling from the shore to our ship.

I am sorry to confess that the beautiful and picturesque were in a moment merged in visions of fat turtle, fish, and fowl—and all my attention now was turned to the approaching traders. There were at least a hundred pulling from the shores, each canoe crammed with every kind of fruit and vegetables, and live stock, and in a few hours after they had been alongside, the ship's decks were thronged with monkeys, parroquets, fowls, and pigs, innumerable cages filled with Java sparrows, and last, but not least in the estimation of all, a dozen fat turtle flapping their white flippers upon the forecastle. It was a sight to make an alderman weep for joy. With affectionate respect did the steward turn them about and comment upon their several beauties, and finally determined upon the victim first to be offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice to our appetites.

There was one of the natives who had outstripped his companions in the canoe-race from the shore to our vessel. He brought nothing with him to trade or sell, and consequently had a great advantage over his competitors, whose canoes were full of truck. When this worthy reached us, and had fastened his frail bark to the

mizzen chains, he crawled on board in the most unsailor-like manner imaginable. From the folds of a dirty, ragged garment, that reached half way down his miserably thin legs, he lugged out a stone bottle, emphasizing at the same time a word of one syllable, which at once developed his character and wants. "Rum," said he, addressing the boatswain with great respect, thrusting the jug at the same time in his face, who returned the salutation, by requesting the Oriental loafer immediately to make sail for the lower regions. As he of the bottle was utterly ignorant to whom and to what place the boatswain had so courteously consigned him, with excusable pertinacity he still preferred his claim for some of that liquid, accompanied by the most supplicating gestures. We will not pretend to say by what motives Jack was prompted, whether from a mischievous or benevolent one, or whether from a general principle with sailors never to decline giving, or refuse the donation of such matters, but a most copious dram was given the native, without any apparent scruples of conscience on the part of the donor. No sooner was it gulped down, however, than Jack again intimated a desire, couched in no very polite phrase, that he of the canoe should depart forthwith to the regions of his infernal majesty, and expressing in no very equivocal terms his unmitigated disgust to the person of this specimen of Oriental elegance, who added to his other attractions a mouth hideously blackened by the free use of the betel-nut. The bottle presented by the native, to the astonishment of Jack, was an empty one of Day and Martin's blacking. He therefore very wisely concluded that the fellow had

been partaking of that far-famed liquid for want of the other.

"Speak out like a man, you Cherokee, if any thing decent for a respectable gentleman like myself to listen to, can come from that coal-hole."

At this last effusion of the chief of the forecastle, there was a general roar of laughter from the crowd, which somewhat disturbed Jack's equanimity.

"Prehaps," said the carpenter, "this gentleman is 'boots' at the Ingen Queen hotel on shore there, and being rather short of cold wittels, he's swallowed his blacking. Ask him, Jack, if he'd like to taste a morsel of our cat with nine tails."

At this suggestion, Jack went to the locker and brought out the strange animal alluded to, which he not only exhibited to the stranger, but expatiated upon its merits with much fervour, and in his own peculiar style of eloquence, drawing the strings through his fingers, and flourishing it about in the most scientific and familiar way—and demanding whether "that was not a sweet plaything, and that a taste of its qualities would restore him to reason as quick as the wild man in the play."

Whether Jack's eloquence, or one or two magic touches from the cat inspired the native, it is impossible to say; but suddenly he cried out "more"—accompanied by a little pantomime between hand and mouth, which was too plain to be misunderstood. Jack either was, or affected to be, as much shocked at this unreasonable demand, as the parochial cook, when Oliver Twist called for more soup; and instead of granting the request, immediately applied the instrument to his

back, accompanied at the same time by a kick, bestowed with much liberality and good-will. Upon the reception of these liberal and gratuitous donations, the hitherto passive disseminator of the fame of Day and Martin, at one bound cleared the bulwarks and plunged head foremost into the sea. Jack gazed about him for a moment perfectly bewildered, and heedless of the jibes of his companions. The figure and movements of the Malay, indicated no such surprising powers of agility. The boatswain, therefore, attributed this *Ravel* movement entirely to the impetus received from his own vigorous leg. Addressing the bystanders, he cried—

"I say, shipmates, did you see that? I just touched the chap with my starboard flopper, under the counter, and blow me if it didn't sky him. I say, forard there, look if that ingen ain't sticking in the fore-rigging."

We turned from this small comedy, to observe the canoes and natives which now surrounded the vessel; and I soon became deeply engaged in bartering trinkets, handkerchiefs and knives with the motley assemblage.

Almost every canoe was freighted with live stock, and every kind of vegetable and strange fruit, from the orange and pine-apple, to the duran and mangastein—the last mentioned, the most luscious of all fruits—a natural strawberry cream; if frozen, it would excel in flavour any dish of that cooling compound that Wood or Parkinson ever served to their customers. The duran is an extraordinary fruit, and greatly prized by the natives. At first, the smell is so repulsive, that you cast it away in disgust; but the flavour is an agreeable com-

pound of sweets and acids, so delightfully intermingled, and in such exquisite proportions, that you forget the smell and abandon all other fruits when you can obtain this natural consolidated punch, without any of the cloying or intoxicating qualities of that well-known beverage.

The canoes are worked with a double-bladed paddle, dipping it alternately in the water on either side. They will propel their slight barks through the water with astonishing speed.

Some of these people were remarkably well-shaped, and with very intelligent faces. I was particularly struck with the manners and bearing of a youth who had sold out his stock in trade, and was now amusing himself with cutting jokes upon his fellows—paddling about from canoe to canoe, chatting with this one, then throwing an orange at another. As this Javanese and myself were about the same age, he quickly caught my eye, and observing something in the glint of it that sympathized with his own humour, we quickly made acquaintance, and commenced a conversation in the style of Valentine and Orson.

I presented him with a waistcoat of gaudy pattern, and he jumped into his little boat, evidently delighted with the prize, for he waved it about triumphantly, to the envy of all beholders. Those admirable tailors, Robb & Winebrenner, when it passed out of their hands, never dreamed that it would adorn the person of a tawny-skinned Malay. Perhaps this fellow, upon some subsequent occasion, may have astonished a curious navigator with a garment cut by a fashionable Philadel-

phia tailor, as much as we were by the apparition of "Day & Martin's best," in the hands of the Oriental loafer before spoken of. But I hope the wearer by that time will have become a little more familiarized with the garment, for the last time I saw him he had thrust his legs through the arm-holes, and was exercising his natural ingenuity to make it meet behind.

Having received now a full supply of every thing, at about noon these visiters began to depart one by one from the ship, and we commenced an examination of our various purchases. Poor Pug! (there was at least thirty of these long-tailed gentlemen on board,) cast many a lingering look towards his native shores, never destined to see them again. Some came to an untimely end long before we arrived in China; others outlived storms and ill-usage, and after again passing their native shores upon the return voyage, arrived safely in the United States; and may have ultimately, after an arduous professional career, expired in the arms of an organ-grinder.

They were, however, a source of great amusement to us, and one of them, the hero of the adventure with the strange bird with the long bill, figured largely in one of my sketches.

The Javanese are an ancient people; whether they are the same race that are spoken of in the Scriptures, as traders to ancient Tyre, has not been satisfactorily settled, though I should be tempted to believe, with Sir Stamford Raffles, that the ancient inhabitants of this beautiful island, were a distinct race from the present rude and simple people.

In the 10th chapter of Genesis, we are told "that the Isles of the Gentiles were divided in their lands; every one after his tongue, after their families in the nations." And in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, we find amongst the rich merchants those of *Javan*, "who traded the persons of men, and vessels of brass, to the market of Tyre; and who, going to and fro, occupied in her fairs, brought bright iron, cassia, and calamus."

The ancient ruins of temples and cities scattered over this island, strike the spectator with astonishment and veneration. Every hill has its magnificent temple now in ruins; and valleys are filled with monuments of immense cities, of which the present inhabitants, like the South Americans, have no tradition. These splendid piles must have been erected under the superintendence of a people highly skilled in the arts. Whether the present rude and simple race are descendants of that ancient, civilized people, or whether they were foreigners, conquered and obliterated from the face of the earth by savage invaders, is an interesting subject for philosophical speculation, but as little likely to be satisfactorily settled, as who were the builders of the ancient ruins of Yucatan. A monument that had been buried for ages in the forests of South America, has been transported to New York by the talented and adventurous Stephens—a sculptured column from the base of Gunung-Kardang, may one day stand beside it, and the antiquarian behold at a glance monuments from the two hemispheres, alike curious for their antiquity and similarity of form and sculpture.

The Javanese, like all rude and uncultivated people,

believe in witchcraft and sorcery, and the mountaineers, like the Highlanders of Scotland, in *second-sight.* A singular instance of these credulous superstitions is recorded by a Dutch historian, which has a striking resemblance to the Highland superstitions of the cross, which Sir Walter Scott has immortalized in verse.

The skull of a buffalo, in the short space of twenty days, had travelled over the whole island of Java, journeying through remote districts and kingdoms with the speed of lightning—transmitted from hand to hand by these credulous people who, without knowing why or wherefore, obeyed the mandate at every sacrifice. There was some undefinable feeling of evil to themselves or relations if this senseless matter was not kept in motion. The Dutch authorities, either from suspicion or perhaps a better motive, arrested the progress of this strange symbol and threw it into the sea.

It is much to be regretted that we have no graphic description of the island of Java, its inhabitants and scenery. Something beyond the dry political details of Raffles and Crawfurd, and the statistical, botanical and geological researches of Marsden. Something that would amuse as well as instruct. Incidents of travel by such a pen as Stephens would be a great acquisition.

It abounds with magnificent scenery—mountains rising to the height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and natural phenomena of the most wonderful kind. Volcanic fires are constantly burning, and terrible eruptions sometimes occur which spread destruction far and wide.

In 1772, the Papuandayang burst forth into flame, and,

after shaking the island to its centre by terrible explosions, and scattering ashes and scoria for three hundred miles from its base, sunk into the earth and disappeared; fifteen miles in length by twelve broad of this mountain was swallowed up. The subterranean noises constantly reverberating amongst the hills and valleys tend no doubt to keep alive and heighten that feeling of superstition which is so common among the inhabitants.

The general aspect of this country is exceedingly beautiful, uniting all the rich and magnificent scenery which waving forests, never-failing streams and constant verdure can present, heightened by a pure atmosphere and the glowing tints of a tropical sun. Nature's several kingdoms abound with wealth scattered profusely by the hand of a beneficent God. You feel His presence every where. The Cup Tree, alone, if insensible to every thing else, would strike the unbeliever with the truth of an Almighty Providence.

Imagine a tree of great height with spreading branches and glossy metallic leaves—through which the sun's rays at mid-day cannot pierce—imagine this tree covered with innumerable goblets, each cup supplied with a top moving upon a hinge of the most exquisite and delicate construction, which opens at night and receives the falling dew till filled with the pearly liquid to the brim, when the top closes and seals up the treasure. At the hour of noon, when the sun's rays pierce like a javelin, and every living and inanimate thing shrinks from his beams, the lid opens, the stem, which so firmly sustained the vase, bends, and a shower of crystal waters pours forth to refresh every thing within its influence—myriads of

birds and butterflies like golden blossoms gemming every leaf, chanting in the sweetest and wildest tones their praises of the Great Creator.

Send your unbeliever out of your crowded cities into God's holy temples upon the mountain's side or teeming valley—let him look upon this tree, blossomed with living creatures. Let him stand beneath its shade and receive a baptism from the dews of heaven at noonday, beneath an equatorial sun—and he will bow down before that magnificent shrine, humbled in spirit and elevated in sentiment.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

A PORTION of the following sketches are semi-political, but not in the slightest degree tinctured with that bitterness which generally accompanies political matters. On the contrary, they abound with good-humoured jokes, intended to be hit off with pleasantry and classic humour. The distinguished public characters who occasionally figure in these pages, not excepting even the Emperor of China, will no doubt enter into the full enjoyment of the *jeu d'esprits.*

Department of State.

TO THE HONOURABLE C—— C——,

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, from the United States of America to the Court of his most celestial majesty and highness Kiang Foo, the Emperor of China.

SIR:—The President has been pleased, during the recess of Congress, and since you were rejected by the Senate, to confer upon you the appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of his most celestial majesty the Emperor of China. In all human probability your nomination will not be con-

firmed by the Senate; your time being short, you will therefore make the most of it.

I have, by order of the President, directed the Secretary of the Treasury to honour your drafts for the full amount of your outfit and emoluments. I take this opportunity formally to express my regret that the compensation was not more liberal, it being in fact not equal to a private gratuity received by me from the merchants of Boston for a little business transaction done for them in England; yet the President joins with me in opinion, that considering the place of your birth, with proper economy, you may not only be able to perform all the duties incident to the very important mission, but lay up a comfortable subsistence for your future benefit.

As a particular mark of his favour to you, and with the view to make a signal and lasting impression upon his celestial majesty the Emperor of China and the Governors and Rulers of that great empire, the President has been pleased to send out with you his beloved son Bob, the author of Ahasuerus, the Lost Foundling, and other forthcoming poems. This has invariably, amongst all nations, been deemed the strongest evidence of confidence and the most distinguished mark of respect, and I have no doubt the Emperor will justly appreciate the sacrifice not only made by the President but by the whole people of the United States, who feel the most lively interest in the welfare of that prepossessing youth.

With a view to a partial mitigation of the affliction incident to so painful a bereavement, I have likewise directed the Secretary of the Treasury to honour *his* drafts for a handsome outfit and emoluments, and charge

the same to *incidental* expenses, and ere this, that gifted young man no doubt has pocketed the same.

As the people of China attach great importance to show and parade, and will no doubt be greatly influenced by the appearance of the Envoy and his suite, you will let no opportunity slip of adding to the dignity and importance of the nation you represent.

For this purpose you will depart from the severe simplicity of our republican manners, carried perhaps to an excess by our present Envoy to the Court of Vienna, and pursue a course more consistent with the character of the government and people with whom you are to reside. I will not presume to dictate to you upon a matter so especially within your own discretion, but will very respectfully suggest that a vast display might be made at a trifling cost by the free use of Chinese crackers and other fireworks.

The Chinese being a curious and ingenious people, and celebrated for their skill in the mechanic arts, you will carry with you a plentiful supply of specimens of the notions and inventions of New England. The President has requested your attention especially to be drawn to a box of beautiful workmanship, made from some choice remnants of *lumber* found at Harrisburg, the Capital of the great and thriving state of Pennsylvania, presented to the Government by Kickapoo, the worthy Governor of that State, obtained through the mediation of our principal War Mandarin, and chief of Indian Affairs, in which are contained two elaborate specimens of the wooden ham and nutmeg, an article of commerce for which your countrymen, and I am proud to say, mine, are famous.

There are also some specimens of tin ware, and a miniature representation of the primitive New England cart, by which this curious and useful fabric is conveyed by the enterprising citizens of the North throughout all parts of this great empire.

The President has been informed that the Chinese are great admirers of small feet, and indeed our own observation, and conversations with captains and supercargoes, and numerous representations upon tea-chests, confirm the truth of that information. As our countrywomen generally are not remarkable for that peculiar beauty, and thereby, we may be disparaged in the eyes of the Emperor and rulers of the Celestial Empire, he sends you a small shoe, worn by a ward of his, of Virginia, who was remarkable for that beauty, and consequently received the sobriquet of the "Lightfoot of Virginia." Upon the presentation of this choice specimen, which has already made some noise in this country, you will take care to remark that it is the natural growth of Virginia, and not formed upon the great principle of restriction, which, though a governing principle with the President in matters of finance and state policy, has not been carried down so far with us as in China.

There is also a model of a bed, of very superior workmanship, to be presented to the principal mandarin of the Emperor's household, on which two politicians can repose with wonderful satisfaction, and discuss the while, with peculiar advantage, matters of great State importance, and if either party should subsequently turn traitor to their country or the Emperor, all their secret combinations, conversations and conspiracies in the most minute particulars will certainly be developed. We

have a practical illustration of the truth of this in our palace at Washington, of which fact you can assure the Emperor.

Every thing which will tend to facilitate our commerce with the nation to which you are going, must unsparingly be resorted to. And you will particularly inform his celestial majesty of the lively interest the President and his chief mandarins have taken in the opium question, and of our sense of the virtuous determination of the Emperor to suppress the entire use of that deleterious drug. Its principal quality being a powerful soporific, the President apprehends that upon the homœopathic system, the dissemination of a harmless matter, possessing, however, the same qualities with the opium without its poison, if freely used, would banish the article entirely from the Chinese dominions. He therefore sends you a supply of the debates of the last Congress, and a file of the Madisonian bound up in sheep. The two first articles are so strongly imbrued with the narcotic quality, that men have been known to sink into the arms of Morpheus at a glance of the title page. The people of China, by dint of threats and bribes, (the latter to be preferred,) may be induced to use them generally, and thus two objects will have been obtained, a great blessing conferred upon a whole nation, and the addition to our trade of an article of commerce easily manufactured, and in great quantities.

It is with sentiments of deep grief the President of the United States, and indeed the whole world, but more particularly our beloved and prolific little sister-in-law, Victoria, have observed the benighted condition of the great and populous empire you are about to visit. For

thousands and thousands of years this truly unfortunate people have been peacefully increasing in wealth and prosperity, without a full knowledge of the blessings enjoyed by the nations of Europe and America, utterly ignorant of the art of war, and the beautiful exterminating systems practised by their kings and rulers. You will therefore take the earliest opportunity to congratulate the Emperor upon the result of the late conflict with the amiable Queen of England, who has rid him summarily of so many of his subjects, and so much of a certain article called *sigh see* silver, so called we suppose from the grievous effect it produced in the breasts of all Chinese beholders, upon observing that precious article depart so unceremoniously into the possession of their benefactors the English.

In some degree to aid the common cause of humanity, and to assist in the great object of enlightening and improving the condition of the Chinese people, you will receive on board your vessel the following gentlemen, distinguished alike for their zeal, philanthropy and abilities: one Abolitionist, one Mormon, one Millerite, one Methodist, twelve Presbyterians of the old school, and an equal number of the new school, twelve Temperance lecturers, one Catholic Priest, one Rappite, one Espicopalian, one Puseyite, one Quaker, one Shaking Quaker, one Unitarian, one Social Reformer, one Baptist, one Seceder, one Jew, one Owenite, and six reporters of newspapers. With such materials, the President is under the sincere belief, with the help of a kind Providence, you will quickly awaken these benighted people from the slumber into which they have been plunged for so many centuries.

Independent of these matters which relate to the prosperity of our commercial intercourse with a great nation and their spiritual welfare, it were well to impress the Emperor with an idea of our formidable strength in war. After deep reflection, the President is convinced that the most effectual mode to promote this, would be the solemn announcement to the Emperor of his having placed at the head of that department ———, late of Northampton county, and as Chief War Mandarin of this great Empire. The fame of the great Kickapoo chief of America has reached no doubt, the ears of Elipoo the war chief of China. The announcement of this fact will, in the opinion of the President, inspire a great respect, with a corresponding degree of awe.

With sincere wishes for your health and happiness, and with sentiments of high consideration, I have the honour to remain, your Excellency's very obedient servant,

FLETCHER WEBSTER, *for*
DANIEL WEBSTER, *Secretary of State.*

PROCLAMATION

To the Inhabitants of Yuang-Tong, Footchien, Kingsi, and Quangsee Districts.

Open wide your ears—attend to this:

The Emperor, brother to the Sun, Moon and Stars, your Father and Ruler, looks down from his mighty Celestial throne with the tender eye of a kind parent upon his children.

He watches and protects you.

It was foretold by Hiam Chitty-bung, the good and just, that twelve thousand moons should pass away and the people of the Celestial Empire would increase and multiply prosperously; that during all that time the foot of the foreign barbarian should timidly touch the soil, leaving not the impress of the heel thereon. But, upon the eighteenth of Ki-too, 7961,* "white-eyed, lily-livered, hairy-chopped foreign barbarians,† from remote corners of the world, should mercifully not only be permitted to trade, but their mandarins, or great men, would be privileged to bump their heads at the footstool of our celestial and mighty throne."

These prophetic decrees are being verified. Our Ce-

* Corresponding with 1842 of the Christian era.

† "Hoong-wang-zhats-ces;" literally, white-eyed, carroty-pated barbarians.

lestial Brother* is now in the eighteenth of *Ki-too:* accordingly, and for reasons of justice within our own breast, ambassadors from all the barbarians of the earth, will have the supreme felicity to visit the Celestial Empire, and the honour to bump their humble heads in the dust at the foot of our Imperial throne.

It has come to our knowledge that one Coo-SHING, without tail or title, has been sent by the King of the *Yean-kees*, a nation not older than the fat hog in the Temple of Buddah at *Yuen-min-yuen*, to bend his body and bump his head at our feet, and that the aforesaid Coo-SHING has already left War-shing-tung, the capital of his master's kingdom, in a fast vapouring war-boat, in company with the son of the said King, a youth who rejoices in the name of Bo-BEE-TI-LUR-YUNG, pronounced by these abbreviating barbarians, BOB.

This youth, the heir-apparent to the throne of the *Yean-kees*, is gifted with the divine inspirations of the poet, and it appears by a proclamation under the seal of his royal father, and which has met our Imperial eye, that his effusions—which are said to be quite a harmless narcotic—elaborately bound with the hide of a calf, sacrificed for that especial purpose, will be presented as an antidote to that deleterious drug so poisonous to my people. A heppoo (*custom-house officer*) will be directed to translate the same, as from the state document before alluded to, it appears that none but officers of that class could understand the work or appreciate its merits.

What saith the immortal Confu-chiou? (*Latinized into Confucius by the Jesuits.*) "The cow loweth for its

* The moon.

kind, the ass pineth for its foal." Let every attention then be paid this young barbarian, to mitigate the pangs of parental bereavement. Let him be feasted with sweetmeats of the tender chou-chou, and savoury chop-a-lingtee, and humanize his appetite with the delicious shark's fin, the luscious bird's nest, and exquisite puppy-dog soup. Let the purveyor conceal for a time the ingredients of the last-named delicacy, as these people, though unqualified barbarians, are not cannibals. Upon the arrival of the said Coo-SHING, ambassador from the *Yean-kees*, and the aforesaid Bob, son of the King Jung-ti-lur, at the Bocca Tigris, their vapouring war-boat will ascend at once to Wampoa, without stopping at Macao or Cap-si-moon, where Elipoo shall attend with his principal mandarins to welcome him with a suitable display of fire-crackers.

It is our imperial pleasure that these foreign barbarians be entertained with hospitality becoming our own dignity, and however ridiculous their appearance and dress may be, it must be recollected that their intentions are good, the populace therefore will refrain from any expressions of contempt or ridicule, upon pain of the bamboo.

The viceroy of Quang-tung will hasten to inform the said Coo-SHING, ambassador of the *Yean-kees* aforesaid, that both he and his companion Bob, that son of a king, are to remain mute and passive, until they have performed all the ceremonies of the Ki-teaou.† They are reported to be a loose-jawed, long-tongued race, excessively addicted to talkativeness—a great vice, not to be

† *Ki-teaou*:—Prostrations, bumping the head upon the ground nine times, &c.

tolerated in a well-conducted government; any appeal by the said Bob to the people, will occasion an immediate repeal of all orders for their reception, and the said barbarians shall be cast forth in disgrace and bambooed. The typhoon is not more terrible than the wrath of a Chinese repealer.

We have spoken—obey all—sleep not—tremble at this!

KIANG FOU.

From the Golden Throne at our Celestial Palace at Peking.

Gibraltar, August 25th, 1843.

TO THE HONOURABLE A—— P. U——,

Secretary of State of the United States, Washington.

Sir:—An unforeseen calamity has occurred, of so distressing, terrible, and embarrassing a nature, that I have deemed it necessary immediately to send a special messenger to you with despatches. The United States Steam Frigate Missouri, was yesterday evening entirely consumed by fire, whilst lying at anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar.

This magnificent vessel, which has cost the United States so much money, and in which you had taken such lively interest when Secretary of the Navy, and expended so much of the public treasure, with the laudable effort to improve her smoke-pipes, is destroyed, and sunk in this harbour.

The Missouri has laid her bones at the feet of the Pillars of Hercules. From the top of that ancient monument, centuries looked down with wonder upon the nautical warrior endowed with five hundred centaur power. This model of the perfection of modern science would have passed triumphantly those classic bounda-

ries that had arrested the progress of an ancient demi-god; but the element of her strength consumed her, and it remains for the *Mississippi*, to which the Missouri is and will be a tributary, to achieve the glorious enterprise.

Every possible exertion was made by her gallant commander to extinguish the flames and save the ship; his coolness amidst the scorching flames outrivalled the far-famed Chabert,*—but all was unavailing. The fire spread with terrible rapidity, and enveloped every thing in flames, and smoke. Spar after spar tumbled into the sea, and at half past three o'clock, she blew up with an explosion that shook the Rock of Gibraltar to its base, astounding the inhabitants, and startling from their secret recesses numerous apes, those mysterious aboriginals of the rock, of whose origin naturalists have been disputing for ages.

One of these creatures, impelled by curiosity or bewildered by fear, was caught at the *Puerto del Fuego*, or Gate of Fire, and presented to me by Sir George Sartorius. I have sent this curious captive to our revered President, with the sincere hope that it will afford him some amusement in the absence of his highly gifted son.

Captain Newton has forwarded a full report of the

* "Far-famed Chabert."—It is reported, with what truth we will not pretend to affirm, that this justly celebrated individual, in the presence of many respectable witnesses, carried with him into a red-hot oven a raw beef steak, and after remaining inside for some five or ten minutes, reappeared with the aforesaid steak cooked, with a proper quantity of gravy, which the said Chabert coolly devoured to his own peculiar gratification, and no small admiration and astonishment of the spectators.

calamity, a copy of which I have seen. The assertion therein contained that "not a single life was lost," is erroneous. As the individual who perished was especially under my charge and attached to the Embassy, Captain Newton, in all likelihood, had no knowledge of his existence, and of course could not have been cognizant of the demise of the worthy gentleman whose exit from this transitory life was in perfect keeping with his character and creed. He was a Millerite, one of the fifty philanthropists attached to the Embassy by direction of Mr. Webster, "to ameliorate the condition of the Chinese, and awaken those benighted people from the slumber into which they had been plunged for so many centuries."* It will be a comfort to his friends in the United States, to know that he left this sublunary world with much precipitation, yet in the sincere belief of the fulfilment of a prophecy for the consummation of which he was not only prepared, but, in the estimation of all, signally favoured. Amidst the fragments of the ship and brands of fire hurled aloft by the final explosion, was distinctly visible the body of that worthy disciple of the revered Father Miller, ascending with outstretched arms sky high. One or two graceful evolutions, heels over head, *a la Ravel*, appeared to accelerate his upward progress, in no way detracting from the thrilling sublimity of the scene. A pertinacious bomb-shell had accompanied that estimable citizen in his upward career, and, for reasons best known to the former, exploded, and the immortal Millerite was lost to our view. It

* See instructions to Mr. Cushing, p. 126.

will remain with his friends in America to determine whether he entered the gates of Paradise at that precise moment, or whether he is still continuing his career upward, occasionally diversifying his journey by those pleasing evolutions before described.

I can only say, that some few moments after, an empty skull plumped into the Bay, as if precipitated from a great height, a kind testimonial, bequeathed no doubt by that inspired gentleman to less favoured mortals here below.

I have had this precious relic carved into a punch bowl, with figures, in *alto relievo*, emblematical of the event, and other appropriate emblems—to be presented to our admirable Secretary, with a request that it may always be conspicuous upon the glorious anniversary of *Shell-Pot.*

I must also differ from my excellent friend Captain Newton, as to the origin of the fire which occasioned this terrible catastrophe; and in so doing, that worthy officer will properly appreciate the motive, as it tends to exonerate him from all blame, and will cast not a little upon the Embassy. At the same time *you* will have the comfortable assurance that the Smoke Pipes are in no way accessary to the calamity, though some have been malicious enough to attribute the accident entirely to those celebrated fumigators. Our present able Secretary of the Navy, who "when the wind's southerly knows a hawk from a Henshaw," will no doubt in *his* report entirely exonerate those poor persecuted pipes from any participation in the matter.

This mischievous effect, in my opinion, is assignable

to that familiar phenomenon called spontaneous combustion. Debates of Congress, files of the Madisonian, and the poetical effusions of that gifted son of the President were stowed away in the hold, commingled with wooden clocks and hams, tin-carts, and various other rare specimens of the fine arts. Amongst these debates, there was a vast quantity of inflammable matter in the shape of speeches from Southern members of Congress, and abolition petitions from the North. Upon the floor of Congress, the imponderable elements were disengaged in a vapory gaseous form, generating much caloric—affording no light, and never passing into a sensible state. According to the theory of Lavoisier, which has supplanted that of Stahl, there was an entire neutralization of opposite electricities, or, as Boerhaave figuratively expresses it, no chemical affinity between *the separate supporters of combustion.*

The solidification of these gases by means of a press enforced by the potent and unscrupulous hand of patronage, was but a conversion of the elements from one form to another, liable at any moment, by contact and other superinducing causes, to produce combustion—which actually did take place, and burst into a flame upon the sudden introduction of a pure and unaccustomed atmosphere. You will perceive by these philosophical considerations, the ground upon which I dissent from the turpentine theory of Captain Newton—and I feel myself confirmed in the opinion that I have advanced, when I reflect that the exposure of an immense glass demijohn of inflammable liquid to accidental breakage by a careless subordinate, would be utterly incompatible with the

fact of discipline so justly asserted by the commanding officer.

I confess that I was fully aware of the combustible qualities of these things, having witnessed their effusions in a gaseous vapoury state upon the floor of Congress—but it was forgotten or overlooked, owing to the great attention required by the gentlemen of my Embassy,—fifty individuals selected from every known sect in the United States. Those gentlemen were wrangling and disputing all day and all night. Here, as Boerhaave says, "was the actual phenomena of combination, suggesting aversions between two bodies with no possible affinity, chemical or otherwise." Lavoisier's separate *supporters of combustion*, each one ignitable without any combination, living, walking, talking peripatetic *phlogistons*.

There were but two of the fifty that could converse together without coming to open war, and their communications related solely to the mysteries of trade and the science of swap and pledge, in which they were both eminently skilful.

It will be gratifying to the Government and the people of the United States, to be assured of the safety of all the valuable presents intended for the Emperor of China, with the exception of the debates of Congress, files of the Madisonian, and all the political pamphlets, out of which was rescued the *Veto* Message of the President, it being a *constitutional fact* incombinable, and like asbestos, *per se indestructible*.

The full-length portrait of the Secretary of War, was preserved with great difficulty. Any thing else but the

representation of that distinguished warrior and statesman, would have been consumed by the devouring elements; it stood fire like the original, who was never born to be burned or drowned, but destined to be otherwise disposed of—upon the walls of the palace of the Emperor of China.

It was particularly admired by the military gentlemen of the garrison. They had heard of his warlike deeds, and longed for a view of the Chief, and were curious to ascertain from what aboriginal tribe he traced his lineage. The general impression abroad is that all our great men are renowned Indian Chiefs, and Mr. Webster is distinguished as the "great *Man-dan*." To save myself from incessant importunities upon this subject, I directed the following label to be attached to Mr. ——'s picture, which I hope will be gratifying to him:

"The Secretary of War of the United States of America. The great Kickapoo chief and hero of Shell Pot!"

I have chartered a small brig upon very favourable terms, and hope to realize enough to pay my expenses to Alexandria, from whence I shall cross the Isthmus of Suez, and hope to reach the frigate Brandywine in safety.

The gentlemen of the Embassy will accompany me, with the exception of the twelve temperance lecturers, who decline from motives of principle embarking on board the Brandywine. They act upon a principle which, they say if sound, ought to work well both ways. They have taken the pledge not to suffer brandy-wine to go into them, *e converso* they cannot go into the Brandywine.

With the sincere hope, that however you may feel distressed at this unlooked-for and dreadful calamity, yet your mind will be perfectly relieved as to any agency of the Smoke Pipes in the matter.

I remain, with high consideration and respect,

Your most obedient servant, &c.

C——B C——G.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE,

BETWEEN THE SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE UNITED STATES AND HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

British Legation,
Near the United States, Washington.

To the Honourable the Secretary of State of the United States of America.

SIR:—The undersigned, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of her Britannic Majesty, actuated by the deepest solicitude to preserve unimpaired the relations of amity so happily subsisting between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, and anxious to remove by every just and early explanation, all causes of misapprehension which might tend to interrupt the harmony so recently consequent upon the mutually honourable and satisfactorily adjusting Treaty in relation to the North-Eastern Boundary of the American Territory, begs leave earnestly to request the attention of the Secretary of State to a circumstance alike interesting, novel and extraordinary, which has transpired within a few weeks, and which it is apprehended may be generally regarded as of sufficient importance to be misrepresented and perverted, and made the means of disproportionate excitement and ill-will between the two powers.

The undersigned has received through the medium of

the multifarious and unerring columns of various penny newspapers, conclusive evidence that, a short time since, in the city of Philadelphia, at a place of public notoriety, commonly known by the name of the Assembly Buildings, in the midst of a vast concourse of persons collected under the denomination of a "Repeal Association," and "animated by a common feeling of enthusiasm," a distinguished orator and poet, bearing the same relation to his Excellency the President of the United States of America, as his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, now about one year of age, bears to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and standing in the same attitude of importance and responsibility towards the people of this vast and powerful republic, as his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales stands towards the subjects of the British monarchy, made a rash, ardent and vehement address, exhorting the people by whom he was surrounded to enlist with the Agitator of her Britannic Majesty's dominions, and actively and liberally to furnish the sinews of war to effect the dissolution of the union of those dominions, to resist the omnipotence of Parliament, to kindle the horrors of a civil war, and to overwhelm amid the thunders of their loud, long and protracted hoorahs, her Majesty's ministers, peerage, people and person.

The undersigned feels it due to the Chief Magistrate of this confederacy, that he should frankly say that an event so striking and singular, derives all its interest and hazard from the parental connexion which subsists between that functionary and the gifted orator and poet. The undersigned under any other circumstances would regard the matter as the mere effusions of youthful in-

discretion. But when that youth is the notoriously acknowledged favourite son and penman, and private secretary of his father, the political Chief of this Empire—and by a recent highly important State document, (the undersigned alludes, to your late instructions to Mr. Cushing, Envoy to China,) the President not only publicly avows that preference, but esteems it a special mark of his favour towards the Emperor of those Celestial dominions, to send his "beloved son," with that special ambassador, it becomes his imperious duty to make them the subject of a formal diplomatic notice.

The undersigned would further remark that additional importance is derived from the fact, that the individual by whom it was made was at the time a resident at one of the National Arsenals of the United States, and actually and constantly in intercourse with the national armed forces, and living under the national flag, which waved over his head as if giving national sanction to his language and views.

The abolition of slavery is a question of deep and exciting interest to the people of the United States, and one which the undersigned is free to confess it would be highly reprehensible in any distinguished subject of her Majesty's Government to interfere with; if, therefore, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, possessing as he actually does, the confidence of Her Majesty his mother, and the exclusive partialities of her royal breast, should make an appeal to the British people of a like inflammatory character with that of the equal favourite of his Excellency the President, the Government of the United States would have just cause of complaint.

The undersigned will again remark, that these obser-

vations are made with a view to maintain that harmony at present existing between the two nations, and that he is impelled by these motives, and an imperious sense of duty, to lay the matter before the Executive Government of the United States, and he avails himself of this opportunity to renew his considerations of high respect and esteem, &c.

HENRY GEORGE FOX.

Department of State.

To His Excellency, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain.

Sir:—The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of an official communication of the 25th inst., in which it is stated, that with a "deep solicitude to preserve unimpaired the relations of amity so happily subsisting between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States," the attention of the undersigned is called to the occurrence of a circumstance "alike interesting, novel and extraordinary, which has transpired within a few weeks," and, "which it is apprehended may be the means of disproportionate excitement and ill-will between the two powers."

The undersigned respectfully remarks, that, if he rightly understands the concluding paragraphs of that communication, the subject matter of which you have deemed it "an imperious duty to make a subject of formal diplomatic notice to the Executive of the United States," there are embraced two propositions of a distinct and specific nature, yet correlative and dependant upon each other; the one, indicative and expressive of a strong desire to cherish the friendly intercourse now

subsisting between the two countries; the other, a fear that that harmonious intercourse will be interrupted by the conduct of the "favourite son, penman, adviser and private and confidential Secretary of the Chief Magistrate of this Republic."

The undersigned admits to a certain extent, the parallel which is drawn between the position of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the distinguished son of the President, as to the influence they naturally exercise over their respective distinguished parents: His Royal Highness having the exclusive partialities of His Royal Mother's breast, and our Bob the unqualified control of the mind and actions of his distinguished father; yet the undersigned will very respectfully unequivocally deny the assumption of any further similitude between the parties. The truth of this proposition the undersigned deems to be undeniable, and is ever ready for a free discussion of that point to the exclusion of all others.

His Excellency, Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary is referred to Vattel's Law of Nations, Book III. chap. III. page 460, Dublin edition, printed by Luke White, 1777:—"Where two persons are disputing on the truth of a proposition, it is impossible that two contrary sentiments should be true at the same time."

The uncontrolled liberty of speech, coupled with the right of insurrection, is the inherent and indefeasible right of every citizen of the United States. Granting, by way of argument, that Mr. T——r has arrived at years of discretion, he has a perfect right to exercise all the constitutional privileges of a citizen; he has full liberty

to make speeches and to write poetry. By the benign equality of our laws, however, no one is compelled to listen to the one or peruse the other; if it were otherwise, the undersigned is free to admit, that the inherent right of insurrection above referred to would become not only a lively but an active sentiment of the people.

The reverse of all this exists in England from the nature of the Government; His Royal Highness, from the very dignity of his position, is controlled in his juvenility by the laws and customs of the Realm—His Royal Highness therefore has a Chancellor to take charge of his little Royal conscience, and an Attorney-General especially deputed to take charge of his little private affairs, and to preserve them from those indiscretions incident to his tender age. The right of conscience, with the Government of the United States, refers only to the right which every man has to set up any form of religion he may deem proper, but has never been deemed a political principle essential to the administration of public affairs, and of late has been entirely banished from the consideration of the present Chief Magistrate and his Cabinet.*

These differences and distinctions, therefore, are so plain and apparent that the undersigned will respectfully

* This is a very judicious remark of the Secretary; certainly, there never was a "right, more literally exercised by any people on the face of this globe. Every sect and religion that was ever heard of flourishes at present in the United States, with the exception of *Mussleman*, and some have affirmed that to be the creed of certain people who cry loudly through the streets, at the tail of a cart, in those particular months of the year in the spelling of which the letter 'r' interposes. They are persevering, zealous, and sometimes *clam*orous. Like the Camerons they cry aloud and spare not."

beg leave to close this branch of the subject, with this passing remark, that Her Majesty's Envoy will unequivocally understand, that nothing is meant in any way to disparage the intellectual qualifications of His Royal Highness; though scarcely one year of age, and B—b in his 25th year, we believe them both to be upon a *par.* As yet, this Government has had no official communication of any effusions, at least of a poetic nature, from His Royal Highness; yet through the same "unerring columns" of which her Majesty's Envoy has been pleased to speak, it has come to our knowledge, that the attendants and advisers of His Royal Highness, are endeavouring to cultivate such inspirations, by the repetition of affecting and touching passages from the primitive English bards.

The undersigned, therefore, actuated by the same friendly motives and desires, expressed by her Majesty's Envoy, and thus after denying nothing, conceding nothing, and explaining every thing, hopes nothing will occur to interrupt that harmonious intercourse now subsisting between the two nations. The fact of Gen. J—— M—— P——, late of Easton and State of Pennsylvania, being Secretary of War, which by this time must be known even in China, the undersigned apprehends is a sufficient guarantee to the United States, of a continued peace with all the powers of the earth.

The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew his expressions of high consideration and respect.

———, *Secretary of State.*

British Legation,
Washington, July 1st, 1843.

To the Honourable, the Secretary of State of the United States.

Sir:—The undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near the United States, has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Secretary of State, in reply to one from this Legation of the 25th ultimo.

The undersigned but for the concluding paragraph of that communication, would not consider it necessary to continue this correspondence; he deems it, however, his imperative duty, very respectfully to demand the meaning of that passage which infers, that "*the fact of G—— J—— M—— P——, late of Easton and State of Pennsylvania, being Secretary of War, is a sufficient guarantee to the United States of a continued peace with all the powers of the earth.*"

The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew his expressions of high consideration and respect, &c. &c.

H. G. Fox.

Department of State,
Washington, July 10th, 1843.

To His Excellency, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Britannic Majesty.

Sir :—The undersigned Secretary of State of the United States, has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 1st inst., in reply to his of the 28th ult., which was in answer to yours of the 25th ultimo.

The absence of the undersigned from the seat of Government, being for some time past engaged upon an important public duty relative to the construction of a smoke pipe for the United States War Steamer Missouri, he hopes will be a sufficient apology for any delay in the acknowledgment of your communication.

The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew his expressions of high consideration and respect, &c.

———, *Secretary of State.*

Her Britannic Majesty's Legation,
Washington, July 12, 1843.

To the Honourable, the Secretary of State of the United States.

Sir :—The undersigned has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 10th inst., in which are stated as reasons for any delay in the forwarding of that paper, your absence from the seat of Government, and engagement with a "smoke pipe" on board the United States War Steamer Missouri.

With a belief that those important duties are now satisfactorily concluded, the undersigned begs leave to renew his application for a definitive answer as to the meaning of the concluding paragraph of your communication, in reply to one from this Legation of the 25th ultimo, referring to the fact that "*G—— J—— M—— P——, late of Easton, Pennsylvania, being Secretary of War, is a guarantee to the United States of a continued peace with all the powers of the earth.*"

The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew his expressions of high consideration and respect.

H. G. Fox.

Department of State,
Washington, July 17, 1843.

To His Excellency, the English Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Britannic Majesty.

Sir:—The undersigned, Secretary of State, has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 10th inst., in which you are pleased to remark the important public duty relative to the smoke pipe of the United States War Steamer Missouri, upon which the undersigned was particularly engaged, is now satisfactorily arranged.

The undersigned will very respectfully beg leave to observe, that from whatsoever source this information may have been received, it is not correct; that "smoke pipe" is still an object of interesting embarrassment to the Executive.

The undersigned begs leave to enclose for your perusal an official letter received this day from Mr. E——tt at London, relative to an insult received by him at the University of Oxford, and avails himself of the opportunity to renew his expressions of high consideration and respect, &c.

———, *Secretary of State.*

Her Britannic Majesty's Legation,
Washington, July 18th, 1843.

To the Honourable, the Secretary of State:

Sir:—The undersigned has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Secretary of State of the United States of the 17th inst., by which the undersigned is advised that the information received by him of a happy termination of the labours of the Government of the United States, upon the smoke pipe of the War Steamer Missouri, was incorrect; and of the inclosure of a letter from Mr. E——tt, the Minister of the United States at London, relative to an alleged insult to him at the University of Oxford.

The undersigned has no desire to complicate this correspondence. He begs leave to return Mr. E——tt's letter, that being a matter for the consideration of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and her Majesty's ministers at home, and the United States.

The undersigned has the honour to renew his application for an explanation of that paragraph wherein it is stated that "*G—— J—— M—— P——, late of Easton, and State of Pennsylvania; being Secretary of War, is a sufficient guarantee to the United States of a continued peace with all the powers of the earth.*"

The undersigned can hardly persuade himself that a threat is meant to be conveyed in this solemn annunciation; yet the military fame of the Secretary of War is such as to lead the undersigned to a different and far less agreeable conclusion. The glory acquired by Mr. P——, at Shell-Pot, and in many bloody *Indian* wars, by which he so deservedly acquired the title of the "Great Kickapoo," are historical facts within the knowledge of the undersigned. Happily the Duke of Wellington yet lives, and the undersigned, by reminding a foreign power of that fact, would assuredly be conveying a menace as alarming as that contained in the exceptionable passage alluded to.

The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew his expressions of high consideration and respect, &c.

H. G. Fox.

Department of State,
Washington, July 21st, 1843.

To His Excellency, Her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, &c.

Sir:—The undersigned, Secretary of State, has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of an official communication of the 18th inst., with a reiterated demand for an explanation of the meaning of the concluding paragraph of a letter from this department of the 25th ult.

With a sincere desire to maintain that friendly feeling existing between the two Governments, so happily consummated by his predecessor in office, he readily accedes to any proposition which will permanently tend to cherish those feelings. But the undersigned cannot conveniently understand how this correspondence can be complicated, by the attention of Her Majesty's Envoy being called to a subject of such lively interest to the Government, and people of the United States, as an insult offered to Mr. E——tt, the American Minister at London.

The undersigned is aware, that the delicate matter alluded to is a subject for official communication between this Government and Her Majesty's Ministers, and has already given the subject attention. This

Government declines any official communication with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The fact of the youngest daughter of our Minister having been presented at Court by the Countess of Nothingburg and being graciously received by Her Britannic Majesty since the affair at the University of Oxford, would lead the undersigned to believe that the difficulty has been happily adjusted.

The undersigned unequivocally denies any intention to convey any semblance of a threat to her Majesty's Envoy in that passage of his letter, wherein J—— M—— P—— is alluded to as a guarantee to this Government for the maintenance of peace with all the powers of the earth.

The civic honours of the Secretary of War are far superior in the eyes of this Government, and the people of the United States, to the doubtful laurels that adorn his brow. Grateful as the people of these United States are for the glory achieved by him not only at Shell-Pot, but in the Indian wars of '40, which threatened the Capital of the State of Pennsylvania, devastated and crippled the resources of that thriving Commonwealth, and which were brought to a crisis by his genius and the powerful aid of his gallant brother, the Commander-in-Chief of the militia of Pennsylvania—matters for the historic page, the details of which are well known to the people of the United States, and of which her Majesty's Envoy can form but an imperfect idea—yet the confidence reposed in him by the Government and the people arises from his civic virtues—the purity of his patriotism —his self-denial and incorruptible integrity, and his amiable deportment, always the concomitant of true bravery. It may not be known to her Majesty's Envoy

that he has refrained from challenging the waiter at a hotel upon a question of soup, and meekly bore indignities upon a matter of precedence of a hack. He has practised for many years in the Courts of Common Pleas of Northampton County with great distinction, and would still have remained there had he not, in his own emphatic language, been *certioraried* to Washington by the President of the United States.

With such a man at the head of the War Department, with a combination of so many excellent virtues tempered by so much amiable discretion and forbearance, Her Majesty's Envoy will properly appreciate the feeling and motive which dictated the expression of that paragraph, which the undersigned is free to confess, without this satisfactory explanation, would be of equivocal import.

The undersigned likewise earnestly deprecates any complication of this correspondence; the introduction of the name of the Duke of Wellington, wherein a parallel is sought to be drawn between the heroes of Shell-Pot and Waterloo, will certainly produce that effect which Her Majesty's Envoy and the undersigned had better avoid. And he avails himself of this opportunity to renew his expressions of high consideration and respect.

———, *Secretary of State.*

LETTERS FROM ISAAC WALTON,

A LINEAL DESCENDANT FROM OLD ISAAC WALTON, THE ANGLER; WHOSE PISCATORY EFFUSIONS ARE SO RENOWNED IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

LETTER I.

Hog Hollow, Tuesday, August 1st, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—Numerous correspondents from various watering places are pouring forth their epistolary effusions, each one with unsparing hand lavishing praise not only upon the scenery of his particular *locale*, but upon the exalted character of the host, who is described as a perfect Mecænas in all the admirable qualities that can adorn human nature, whilst his table is diurnally a feast for the gods: the bare recital of the dainties would make even the mouth of Apicius water.

After perusing these various letters for the last fortnight, and devouring their contents—which so far from fattening me has had a contrary effect—I have determined to quit Hog Hollow, a sweet little rural spot on the banks of Rum Creek, where I had domiciliated with the intention there to sojourn in exclusive rusticity during the hot weather.

I pine for a view of the Capes, with its magnificent display of five hundred red flannel shirts dipping under the curling wave. I long for a glance at the exquisites of Saratoga, or for a view of the Rip-Raps, that American St. Helena, where great men seek a temporary relief from the cares of state and office-seekers.

O! that I had never read those eloquent epistles, ievdently the spontaneous flow of disinterested feeling. I should still be engaged in the peaceful and humble rural sports of Hog Hollow—assisting the boys to club chickens for supper, or moralizing over the remains of decapitated roosters, who but a brief space since were struttting about in all the pride of plumage.

Remorseless Betty! "will not one suffice?" I have been tempted to believe in the doctrine of Metempsychosis, and that the spirits of St. Just, Marat and Robespierre are infused into that susceptible body. But a moment since, O! Chicken! thou wert in all the pride of Roostership,—chop—away flies thy head—what amazing gyrations! what wonderful pirouettes! and where are you now? melancholy reflection! cheered, however, with the consolatory thought that ere nightfall thou wilt be comfortably established in the abdomen of a restless reporter.

Farewell, Rum Creek, and you, gentle decapitating Betty, a long farewell. Farewell to those shelving banks, where for so many hours I have watched the cork of my fishing-line with feverish delight, and the small circles diverge from its painted sides as it bubbled upon the placid pool.

Surely I was not deceived—perhaps some migratory fly, these Bedouins of the insect tribe, had touched, *en*

passant, the apex of the quill—no, there it is again, a palpable bite, I can no longer doubt the fact—it is a nibble,—and what a glorious one! All the energies of my mind and body at that moment were concentrated into the handle of the rod. I mesmerised the cork! perhaps under that mysterious influence I may have infused my will into that heretofore little senseless spherical body! there's a discovery which may outrival the falling pippin.

See how it dances—it bobbles under and popples up and down—I become delirious with excitement—shall I pull up, or hold on a little longer? Shade of Isaac Walton, come to the aid of thy disciple! The world of Rum Creek becomes animated with a sort of Der Freyschutz enchantment! the wood-pecker taps the old oaks with such phrensy as to waken the whole forest! the shrill cry of the blue-jay becomes a scream! whilst the solemn kingfisher, whose ancient prescriptive piscatory right I had invaded, with piercing eye, from his dead twig watches the coming event. The cork disappears—"Haul up, Ike, or you're a lost man"—at that moment, a frog, the slimy miscreant, cried—*tung!* and with outstretched arms and legs plunges into the stream! the charm is broken! high in air fly my heels with hook and line, but no finny inhabitant of Rum Creek was attached thereto. Disappointed, but not crushed, I disperse some myriads of musquitoes—those "light militia of the lower sky," who have been uttering their war-cries in my ear—and renew my efforts with the like excitement and success.

I have been in many a trying scene of peril! I have stepped, in all the pride of apparel, upon the side of a receding boat, in the presence of a concourse of ladies,

with the vain hope by muscular contraction of keeping it to shore, until stretched almost to splitting, like an extended compass, I have resigned the conflict and sunk in four fathoms, my short coat-tail being the first that touched the water! there is some excitement in that, and perhaps some mortification. I have been chased by a mad bull down a long lane, with a high fence on either side, running with such superhuman speed as made my coat-tail project horizontally from my body—there is some excitement there too, and a modicum of peril, but no wise compared to the excitement of a glorious nibble —after ten days' fishing in Rum Creek without a bite.

Shooting, the kindred sport to fishing, the relationship derived, I suppose, from the amphibious character of the former, has, I am free to confess, its excitements, but in no wise compared to the latter. I have chased meadow-larks over an hundred acre field in the month of August with doubtful success—I have laid at full length, watching a chance for a shot at one of those suspicious creatures which appear to be informed, with mathematical precision, of the precise distance for safety from the muzzle of a gun, whilst every variety of the insect tribe were busily devouring and torturing the exposed parts of my body—there is a little excitement when the bird lights within ten feet of you—when with trembling hand you pull the trigger, and are rewarded by an unequivocal snap. All these various, and delightful, and intellectual amusements, I am about to abandon for a new career of pleasure. Upon my arrival at a fashionable resort you shall hear from

Your friend,

ISAAC WALTON, Jr.

LETTER II.

Old Point Comfort, August 2d, 1843.

Dear Sir:—I see you have published my letter dated from *Hog Hollow*, but what awful mistakes your compositor has made; do, I beseech you, be a *leetle* more careful. Now confess the fact, my epistle was slurred over because of the place I hailed from; a fellow that writes from such a place as Hog Hollow is nobody. Hog Hollow, what a vulgar place! and to write a long chapter about a nibble, "did you ever!" now if it had come from "Saratoga," or some such dashing place, do confess, my dear Mr. Editor, that you would have treated the epistle with more respect. I am now, you see, at *Old Point Comfort;* but why it is so called I cannot tell. I have not enjoyed a bit of comfort since I have been here. Some aged maiden ladies from Hampton, with whom I have conversed, say that in the olden time, when hard beset by the British, a temporary comfort was found in the Fort here—no doubt that is the origin of the name. Some urged me to go to the White Sulphur, some to the Red Sulphur, the latter I positively, politely, but peremptorily declined—where is the use of anticipating these things.

I wish I was back at Hog Hollow, fishing in Rum

Creek. I want some excitement—there is none here. I came by the usual mode of conveyance, railroad and steamboats. A little incident occurred upon the way, hardly worth mentioning, nor would I mention it, but for the loss of my fishing-rod, which was cruelly mutilated by the shock. The two opposite trains, loaded with passengers, managed by admirable calculation to meet half way, whilst running at the rate each of twenty miles an hour. There was a crash, a splintering of bones and baggage, and some few women, and children, and helpless old people put *hors du combat*, but nothing serious, except the destruction and delay of the mail, and the ruin of my fishing-rod. The conductor behaved with such coolness upon the occasion, that the survivors talk of presenting him with a piece of plate in testimony of their gratitude, &c. I was projected with amazing force the whole length of the car, and no doubt would have been killed, had it not been for the providential interference of a very respectable fat old gentleman's waistcoat, which received my head cushion-wise: it was like firing a cannon-shot into a bale of cotton. He was the only one injured in our car, how he got hurt I never heard, but he complained bitterly of a pain in the epigastric region, which was awfully caved in, with a corresponding curvature of the back bone. I feel very grateful to that old gentleman, and should like to present him with a piece of plate, but it will be a long time, I am afraid, before any one will dare to present *him* with any thing in the shape of a plate. In future, when travelling by railroad, I intend always to locate myself in "point-blank range" of some fat old gentleman to pitch into. A good many others aimed at him, for I heard their heads crack

against the partition all round him, but I was the only one that hit the mark. There was a little excitement for awhile, for the car was standing up on end, and all the people rolled to the bottom like apples in a barrel—we were much tangled together; I remonstrated with a fellow who was hauling upon my leg, fearing he might pull it out by the socket; he however desisted, and very handsomely apologized, supposing it to be his own.

But you should have seen the locomotives; they were standing upon their hind legs face to face, hissing and fizzing at each other in the most awful manner, with bushels of red-hot coals tumbling from their hinder parts. The breath was knocked out of one entirely, but the other though very much injured still showed fight; and I believe, if he could have got upon all fours again would have jaunted on in spite of every thing. The unfortunate people, whose duty it is to feed the passions of those excitable creatures, must have fallen victims to their own temerity, for they have not since been heard of.

Before I commence a description of passing events here, I will give you a brief detail of my visit to the war steamer Missouri, with a view to report the proceedings of the Court Martial, commenced on board that ship to try the smoke pipes for disobedience of orders. There were forty-nine specifications in the charges, but the three principal ones, were "disorderly conduct unbecoming a smoke pipe, disobedience of orders, and wasting of the public funds." The general impression is, that the defence is a good one, that the general conduct of the defendant, anterior to the cutting down, was exemplary in every respect, and that all subsequent matter the

defendant was in no way responsible for. Experiment upon experiment had been tried, but to no purpose,—first, the pipes were cut off, that would not do,—then they were raised up higher than before, that would not do,—then they were docked close off to the deck and carried through the wheel house, that was decidedly the worst experiment that had yet been tried; the crew came up coughing and sneezing with tears in their eyes, beseeching a little fresh air to save them from suffocation.

The poor Secretary was perfectly at his wit's end; here was twenty thousand two hundred and sixty-nine dollars, and fifty-four cents, gone, and all for nothing—and Mr. Cushing, the Minister to China waiting to start, with all his suite crowding on board, under the instructions that gentleman had received from Mr. Webster, which were published in your paper. The presents to the Emperor were piled upon deck—boxes of wooden hams and nutmegs, miniature specimens of New England tin-carts, with loads of tin ware and wooden clocks without number. The copy of the bed upon which Botts and the President slept, attracted great attention, and is really a very beautiful specimen of the fine arts. Besides, there were all the gentlemen of the Mission, selected from the various sects, to ameliorate the condition of the Chinese. They had thrown the whole neighbourhood into confusion, each one practising upon the unhappy district, urging most vehemently his own peculiar tenets, until with one accord the whole population rose upon them, and to prevent bloodshed, they were confined to the ship. They were all in high debate when I was last on board; I never heard such a racket:

the six reporters were busy taking notes,—a fine body of youths and full of enthusiasm.

You may imagine the confusion; with all these evils accumulating every moment upon the Secretary, I saw him tumble over a huge pile of something. I stepped aside, for fear he might pitch into me, as I had done to the fat gentleman on board the cars, but he gathered himself up, and inquired what the d—l they were?

"They are soporifics, sir."

"What?"

"Soporifics, sir. Debates of Congress, and files of the Madisonian."

"O, aye, yes; I recollect now! the Opium Question —very good; but why don't you put all these things in the hold."

"Can't sir, till the smoke pipes done, sir."

"What's this?"

"That, sir."

"Yes, that."

"O! that's a picture as large as life, of ———, our Secretary of War."

"Turn it over, let's look at it—it's very like; how fierce he looks! Is that the dress he wore at Shell-Pot?"

"The very same, sir."

"But what's that in his left hand?"

"That, sir?"

"Yes, that."

"O that's *his* smoke pipe; the Secretary of War has a smoke pipe as well as the Secretary of the Navy."

The Secretary here said pensively, "What the d——l has *he* to do with such things?"

"Why, bless your heart, sir, that's his emblem as the

great Kickapoo, a title he acquired in the *Indian* wars of his native State, you know."

"Aye, yes, yes, I recollect now. He has a bold, martial air; the man that refused him soup at Providence, must have been a fool-hardy fellow."

"You know, sir, it is the intention of Mr. Cushing, under instructions, to give the Emperor some idea of our warlike character—when Elepoo sees that, but he'll tremble."

"I think he'd tremble a little more," said the Secretary gloomily, "if he see'd my smoke pipe."

Here an officer cried out, "Boatswain, pipe all hands below."

"Aye, aye, sir;" but with a horrid grin he remarked, "they had just been all piped up."

"None of your levity, sir," says the Judge, sharply, "and stop that jabbering forward there."

"Why, Judge," said the officer deprecatingly, "that's impossible; it's the ameliorators."

"The what?"

"The gentlemen to ameliorate the condition of the Chinese."

Preparations were being made to receive the President, who was about to visit the vessel with all his cabinet. Our attention of course was drawn off by the imposing spectacle. I took my station near the bow, as the most prominent point of view.

It was a beautiful sight, to see the boats skimming so gracefully over the broad Potomac, stretching the long glittering oars with clock-like precision and dashing aside the spray. There was, however, an unsailor-like movement in the crew of the President's boat, a sort of

"daddy mammy" expression, which somewhat destroyed the *tout ensemble* movement of the *cortege*. I afterwards understood that the crew was composed entirely of office-seekers, who had volunteered their services with the vain hope of particularly attracting attention; though not very unanimous, yet they pulled vigorously, and but for a trifling mishap, would have come in with *eclat*. (*Tout ensemble*, *cortege*, *eclat*, &c., are the fashionable words, and very vulgar to use any other.) The heels of one of the rowers flew into the air, the oar dropping into the water.

"That fellow's caught a crab," said a sailor standing near me.

"Caught a what?"

"Caught a crab, sir. He's pulled his oar out of the pins, turned a complete somerset, and knocked the Secretary of War's hat off. But here they come, now for the salute of twenty-four guns."

It was grand and quite exciting.

"Starboard, fire!" hiss-s, flash, *bang*, boom, awar, boo loo.

The smoke rolled out over the water, and then curled itself comfortably in a heap as if waiting for the other roarers. "Port, fire"—*slap-bang!* went another from the other side, the smoke performing the same evolutions, with the exception of a fanciful circle which whirled up into the air, twirling round like a hoop till it gradually dispersed. I was in a perfect ecstasy of excitement, it beat Rum Creek. Now I wanted the gun to go off; then I held on with breath and hand; just as I pulled my thumbs out of my ears *slap bang* it would come, jarring every nerve in my body. It certainly is a very inspiring

sound, but it must be awful to have one pointed right at you, discharging something more solid than smoke, let alone to be rammed down into one to the tune I suppose of "*home*, sweet home," as was the French Consul at Algiers.

The President came alongside; "such a getting up stairs." No sooner had his nose peeped over the gangway, but every one vied with the other to bow and scrape. After examining the ship, and talking much about the smoke pipe with the Secretary, he descended into the cabin—where I shall leave him for the present, having spun my letter out to an unusual length.

I have picked up a queer document however, which must have dropt from the pocket of some of the great functionaries—something about Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Everett and the Oxford University. No one would take it. I very respectfully presented it to the President, but he waived it aside with evident marks of disgust, and said "Go to my son, he attends to all such *applications*." After I have perused it, I will send it to you to do with it as you please.

Your friend,

ISAAC WALTON, JR.

Late of Hog Hollow.

LETTER III.

Old Point Comfort, August 12, 1843.

A GREAT many queer things have transpired since I last wrote to you, but I am fearful they are hardly worth a recital; they want, in my estimation, excitement, which seasoning can only be found in my favourite sport, fishing. None of your primitive hauls of fish for me; no casting of leads, with a dozen hooks attached, to the slimy bottom of a great river, cramped up in a wabbling boat—sickening for hours over the water, with the flickering reflected rays of the sun dancing a hornpipe in your eyes. When you do get a bite, it is like shaking hands with a catfish, an animal, in my opinion, no wise companionable, and perfectly destitute of personal beauty, though they have their admirers. But, a secluded rural spot, upon the banks of a placid stream, near a little tinkling waterfall, just noise enough to make you feel drowsy, without putting you to sleep. Gently to twirl your hair line into that cool brook that

"Purls along the vocal grove,"

the cork luxuriously reclining upon its side until awaked from its slumber by a fascinating little pull at the bait;

it then starts up, wide awake, curtseying so prettily and gracefully, dimpling the surface of the water, the tiny waves circling to the sedgy shore, where you can hear the liquid rogues chuckling with delight amongst the little round pebbles.

Occasionally your privacy is intruded upon by a sandsnipe, but not rudely; the prints of his delicate feet are scarcely perceptible upon the yellow sandy nook, the frame to a bright mirror into which he first looks at himself, then playfully at you, gently cries "peep,"—bobs up his little tail, down goes his litte head, and there he stands bowing with the air and grace of a dancing-master; such a polite little fellow;—up goes his tail, down goes his head—"peep—how are you?—beg pardon!"—and away he skims with silver wing, tipping the surface of the water.

O, Rum Creek!—but no matter, let us drop this; I am getting "entusimuzzy" into a sort of arm-chair sentimentality.

But what is this? the water is getting muddy—something is coming right down the middle of *my* creek. "Hallo there, you'll frighten all the fish!" O, Lord!—the next moment I was playing Charles II. from the branch of a lofty oak. How I got there, I could never divine, because I am a miserable climber; in going down I am amazingly happy, having a natural tendency that way. It was a great thick-necked, curly-headed, sharp-horned bull, and the beast with cloven foot strode over my rod, smelt the ground and my hat, then curled up his nose with malicious grin, no doubt saying to himself, "but if I had you here, wouldn't I treat you to a small horn or two"—and there he stood for two long hours,

he chewing the "sweet cud," and I the "bitter fancy," and from his sides,

> "The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
> Returning still"———

pretending all the while to be unconscious of my presence. No, no, my Lord Durham or Earl of Oxford, I am up to "slum" as well as "tree." At last he retired, but methought

> "With lingering steps and slow."

With respectful and silent attention did I watch his progress through the bushes,—caught one tender glance of his retreating sirloin and whisking tail ere he disappeared from view. Then with an affectionate embrace of my rough protector, I scraped down his knotty sides in a manner so little remarkable for dexterity and grace that my *a-plomb* was not exactly *a-la-Fanny Elssler;* an indenture in the soft soil was very prettily and accurately delineated, and of such capacity as clearly showed what part of my tender frame first touched mother earth.

Such are the excitements incident to my sport, compared to which how flat and insipid the round of life, whether mingling as I did on board a war steamer with the great functionaries of the land, running a muck between two furious locomotives, listening to the inspired eloquence of the great Kickapoo at Bunker Hill, or pitching into the waistcoat of a soft old gentleman, whose rotundity a benign providence had interposed between my cranium and the hard planks of a railroad car. I saw that amiable old man here, he is swelling up again,

—but slowly; he will ere long again be a respectable target, but he is still able to look down through his waistcoat to his shoe-tie.

By-the-by, we were cheered with the prospect of receiving a visit at this place from that gallant chief the Secretary of War. Great preparations were made for his reception; but he never came. We afterwards heard that with that amiable and dignified attention which characterizes his private as well as official character, he is visiting the different Senators at their respective abodes. There is something so unaffectedly condescending in this, so guileless; it is the meed of respect which valour and glory in the field pays to intellect. I repeat again, it is quite affecting—and no doubt properly appreciated by those grave and reverend signiors. What has the hero of Shell-Pot to gain from visiting Mr. C—— in Delaware, or Mr. L—— of Missouri, now happily at Philadelphia! Nothing. To be sure, the Senate has the confirmation of his appointment as Secretary of War—but that amounts to a moral certainty—his civic virtues and military glory have secured him that. Besides, imagine what a fire from that masked battery of *forty* Democratic newspapers in Pennsylvania. Why, the very river Lehigh would overflow its banks with indignation. No, I again repeat, it is quite affecting, and an incident worth treasuring up. It will hereafter without meaning to be rhetorical, with a slight pull upon the hair-trigger of reflection, shoot a gleam across the historic page.

Did I tell you that I had seen Mr. C———'s ambassadorial coat? It is very magnificent, but between us there is too much *tin* foil upon it; the embroidery is so

very elaborate, I have not time to describe it to you; upon another occasion I may take the opportunity so to do. Like the shield of Achilles, it demands an ode in Homeric verse.

I regret that I have been compelled to delay sending you the document relative to the correspondence between Lord Aberdeen, the Archbishop of Armagh and Canterbury, and Mr. E———, but there is a great deal of it in Latin, and I have had to employ a corporal of the Fort here, who was once a schoolmaster down East, to translate it. Fitz Roy Fitzgubyns, the British Secretary of Legation, is here, and quite a lion. He evidently plumes himself upon the late controversy with our government upon the subject of the exceptionable passage relative to the Secretary of War; he is as close as wax upon all diplomatic matters, but admits that the reply of the Secretary of State was perfectly satisfactory to the British government. I regret that he is about to leave us He is but temporarily attached to the Legation, being a naval officer. He states that he is ordered to a command on board the *Thunderer*, one of the largest and finest ships in Her Majesty's service. In case of a collision between the two countries, it is to be hoped he will not be so successful in battle, as in diplomacy.

In haste, your friend,

Isaac Walton, Jr.

LETTER IV.

Hog Hollow, near Rum Creek, September 9th, 1843.

Dear Sir:—I have been so whirled about in railroad cars, steamboats and stages, since you last heard from me, that I scarcely know whether I stand upon my heels or head, and this is called pleasuring. What possible pleasure people can find in such pursuits, to me is utterly inconceivable. Now there is not only intellectual excitement in *my* fishing, I mean Rum Creek sport, but luxurious ease. The body is perfectly quiescent—there is no physical annoyance, nothing to disturb attention; the mind wanders along the pliant rod, and gently descends an inclined plane of hair line to the buoyant cork—the "*point d'appui*" of thought, from whence spiritual parties are sent forth to forage upon the surrounding districts, teeming with natural beauties;—a piscatory throne where fancy reigns in sovereign tranquillity, disturbed only by a momentary pull at the worm which writhes beneath, now a lure for little fishes, but the predestined devourer of both kings and cowboys.

The mental excitement and fascination of the sport is explained by the self-evident principles of Rum Creek

metaphysics, affording at the same time, perhaps, a solution of the mysteries of mesmeric influence.

The soul of the fisherman is wandering up and down the rod, from handle to cork, and cork to handle; the former being a non-conductor, *attention* fixes it there; a nibble startles it back to the domicile with electrical speed, the emotion or thrill increasing or diminishing in a ratio with the force of the bite. This satisfactorily explains the wonderful patience of the angler, who, motionless as a statue, will sit for hours waiting for a bite. Hope deferred with him, never maketh the heart sick. His spirit is on the cork, from whence radiate all sorts of pleasing, dreamy fancies.

Now compare these quiet enjoyments with a stage-ride for instance. My last trip is a fair sample, where nothing was left from the tangible reality of the passing misery. Hard convex leathery seats, and a strap to sharpen up an aching spine, with eighteen legs held in joint tenancy by nine sleepy heads, and jammed into a rumbling stage-coach; it is, as one might say, the sublimation, the chemical analysis of human misery. In the depths of that profound dejection, from some remote corner of your paralysed frame, the scintillation of relief in the shape of a break-down or an upset, glimmers for a moment like a dip candle from the bottom of a damp well, and is extinguished.

To be nodded at all night by a bald pate! How often with benevolent hand have I replaced that revolving pumpkin upon the shoulders of its owner, with the vain hope that some latent energy would revive in the body to keep it there. And now see how disgustingly it lollops over the strap, the hinges of the jaws give way,

exposing the deep recesses of a cavern, the receptacle for a breakfast forty miles off.

Imagine my delight when at the last stage these eighteen legs walked off with those nine heads, leaving my couple in the undisputed sovereignty of that infinite space included in six feet by three. O! won't I stretch out and revel in the joys of a back seat! Infatuated, wretched traveller, "rattling in a stage coach, tavern afar off," little do you know the various powers of the machine to disgust, annoy and terrify.

Under the pleasing influence of ham and eggs, hot water tinctured with coffee, and the solemn attention of the landlord's daughter, who kindly inquires whether she "shall milk you or will you milk yourself?" at the cry from without of "yer-all-l read-ee-e," I step forth in all the dignity of *the* passenger. The door is slammed to upon my fingers; my howls for relief are lost in the cries of the spectators, of "hold on, Dan," "let go her head," "two colts, a blind one and a bolter," "go it, Dan," "take care of the quarry at the two mile turn." Relieved from torture at last, by the benign interposition of the village blacksmith, with swollen fingers and blue nails and tearful eyes, I survey the scene without.

As an evidence of the entire ignorance of the duties assigned to them, an excited horse, one of the leaders, actually made an attempt to get inside the coach. Then the two "leaders" were standing on their hind legs, going through all the evolutions of professional boxers with their fore legs, whilst the two others, with roatched backs and ears glued to their necks, were scrambling and scratching up the earth for some awful purpose as yet undeveloped. For reasons not worth mentioning, I

was about to abandon my position inside for a more favourable one without, when my view of the grinning faces was suddenly closed by a tremendous jerk, and my heels appeared at that aperture where but a moment before my anxious and no doubt expressive features had protruded. A general hurra from stable boys and loafers, announced the fact of a departure.

It would be in vain to describe *that* ride; suffice it to say that I was knocked about like a pea upon a drum-head, sometimes against the top, rebounding from a hard seat as if struck beneath with a sledge-hammer by a giant —now holding on here and letting go there, with every sort of frantic, wild and involuntary evolution. After one hour's work, the vehicle was brought up at the stopping-place with a jerk that literally plastered me against the front. All tremulous with rage, I descended from the infernal machine—with a vow never to re-enter another, and doubtful which of the evils to prefer, a jam with nine fat heavy fellows, or the exclusive property of the vehicle, with two runaway colts, a blind one, a bolter, and a remorseless driver.

My excursion on the railroad I told you of in one of my letters, I forget which, where the two locomotives had a set-to—and of my life's being saved by the providential interference of the fat old gentleman's stomach, into which I incontinently pitched my cranium, much to my own satisfaction but to the no small discomfort of that amiable individual. The excitement there, was sufficient for the time, but it was short-lived. Now in Mississippi they have the art of keeping it up for hours. A street fight admits of some pleasing variety. The last one I witnessed at ——, deviated a little from the

routine of those amiable and interesting exchanges of civilities; from its complication partaking somewhat of the melo-dramatic, though the denouement of the piece was not quite as tragical as might have been anticipated, occasioning therefore some discontent and dissatisfaction, yet upon the whole it was not a bad piece.

There being fourteen on a side armed with bowie knives, hatchets and double-barrelled guns, there was a pleasing variety in the manner and effects of the *tout ensemble* movement of the parties. The affair commenced with a discharge of a load of buck-shot at a respectable gentlemen, who for reasons best known to himself was precipitately flying round the corner of the State House. Upon the receipt of this testimonial, which was lodged most unequivocally into a very susceptible part of the body, a flying coat-tail favouring the reception, that individual acknowledged the "soft impeachment" by some curious grimaces and distortions; if a hive of bees had been let loose upon that particular spot, it could not have excited more lively emotions. It was thought by some that he "piled the agony" on a little too hard, and rolling and writhing about upon the ground, was decidedly "not the thing."

The other gentlemen were now actively engaged in the performance of their respective duties, interchanging in the most frank, lively manner, shots from pistols, thrusts from bowie knives, and blows from hatchets, whilst the delighted spectators were running here and there to get out of the line of fire, and applauding when a good shot was made or blow dealt by their favourite champion.

How long this would have continued it is impossible

to say, had not the Chief Justice interfered at the suggestion of some amiable Choctaws, who could not conveniently go to court while so many curious things were flying about.

The whole gang were conveyed to the Mayor's office, a small shantee with one large window and door, in which was seated that functionary upon a high stool, that he might have a more commanding view of the litigant parties. The sensibilities of one of the gentlemen and leader of the late conflict, were completely overcome; having had the honour to receive at one time a donation from every variety of weapon, he remained upon the field motionless, and apparently "*hors de combat*," but there was a revivifying energy in that gentleman's body which forty hatchets could not knock out. He rose therefore, like that respectable personage that Hercules threw upon the ground, and who wouldn't stay thrown—an indomitable old maid I should suppose, from the familiar appellation of Aunt—Aunt Teus, I think she was called—and after deliberately loading both barrels of his gun with eighteen buck-shot in each, he swore he'd have a crack at the whole covey, and as the covey was gathered at that moment round the stool of his worship the Mayor, both loads went into the department of Justice, crashing the panes of glass and toppling his Excellency off of his high place with wonderful celerity. The audience rolled out of the door laughing heartily at the "joke." No one was hurt, however, except his Honour, who from his elevated position received one shot through his cheek and two through his hat. Upon some one observing to that functionary that this infliction might have been spared if he had arrested

the parties yesterday, he replied that "Jake never meant him any harm; that if he had been killed, Jake would have buried him decently at his own expense." This honourable tribute to the urbanity and friendly feelings of the worthy individual who had perforated his cheek and hat, was mumbled out between a finger which was groping about the interior of his jaws in search of something that appeared to incommode him. Upon some one respectfully inquiring what he was feeling for, "Nothing," was the reply; "I was only afeard some of Jake's cursed plums had knocked out a favourite grinder of mine." However, this propensity to shoot a Mayor is not confined entirely to the southwest. "Wo be unto ye that sit upon high places," not only in this instance but in another farther north, the prophecy has been verified. To "draw a bead" upon a Mayor or President, is far from unfrequent, and will become quite fashionable when the amiable and salutary plea of insanity shall be established upon a firmer basis.

These are specimens of field sports, but we must look at the flood as well as field, and a short excursion of a five days' trip from New Orleans to Louisville, will give the traveller a sample of the delights of that kind of recreation. He may float in a palace with every luxury to gratify the most fastidious taste, and enjoy the society of elegant ladies and accomplished gentlemen, or he may get on board a "bully-boat," and have the peculiar gratification of racing day and night with another bully-boat, on one of the most awful rivers of the world, where every kind of danger imaginable threatens the passenger —snags and sawyers beneath the treacherous surface of the roaring flood, fire, bursting boilers, collisions with

other boats—and even the banks of this stream, when quietly moored alongside, sink into the vortex of waters, with acres of forests overwhelming every thing within its sphere.

I have been snagged once and on fire twice, but a two days' race with bully-boats combines every sort of pleasing excitement. It were well to inform you that a bully-boat, means a boat that beats every thing on those waters, and performs her trips in an astonishingly short space of time. But here they come, the steam at every discharge from the blow pipes sounds like cannon—a volume of white vapour flying into the air, as if fired from a culverin, "*vum—vam—vum—vam*"—there they whirl round a short point, called the Devil's Tooth-comb; side by side, they sweep by a flat boat, dashing the spray over its unwieldy sides—those wild neighbours drop the pine tree which performs the duty of a rudder from the stern, and hurra with delight, with cries of "Go it, boots!" "Two to one on blue streak!" "Rosin up, Pike,"—"Beat or burst!" The boats separate, one to take in wood upon the left bank, the other upon the right, and our deck-passengers rush on shore, and amidst cries of "hurra! go ahead!"—"in with it!"—in a few minutes fifty cords of split ash and cotton wood are piled on either side the boilers—cast off, away she goes, her opponent swinging out from her wooding-place at the same moment; by a dexterous management of the helm, the cut-water of "blue streak" cleaves into the wheel-house of the rival; in a moment her guard, wheel-house, and every thing is tearing up from stem to stern; a passenger, bed and all, drops astonished out of his state-room into the water, and floats by unheeded, whilst cries

of victory resound from "blue streak"—and the pilot with loud voice, as the rival dashes past the wreck, bestows a passing compliment, in which the other party is particularly requested to go as a one-sided son of —— to a certain place not remarkable either for the coolness of its temperature or the virtues of its inhabitants.

Such are the varied pleasures of travelling, pleasing and exciting to many who have never enjoyed them as I have, and therefore cannot fully appreciate my present pure, unmitigated content in the bosom of peaceful Hog Hollow.

Peaceful rural spot, with all thy sweet tranquillity, with what infinite pleasure do I review each familiar object, and calmly contemplate the tranquil animation of the place. Gentle captivating Betty is there busy with her milkpail, stooping to her work; my eyeballs troll upon her nine-pin legs peeping below her short linsey-woolsey petticoat and chequered apron, her round smiling face buried in a sun-bonnet.

"Our Jake," an interesting specimen of the genus "cowboy"—whose clear whistle resounds through the forest, clears the bars of the last lingering herd trooping to pasture. With meek and placid mien and active tails they slowly disappear down the long shady lane; a tail or two waves a parting adieu, and they are gone. The wide barn door with hawk impaled above, stands "yawning for the coming harvest." The barn-yard is peopled with a busy throng. Balanced on one leg, there stands the same old rooster, upon the very block where so many of his progeny had suffered under the hand of remorseless Betty. With upturned eye he watches the hawk

that with steady wing in gigantic circles sweeps the sky, and *cr-o-o-s* a warning to the surrounding group.

From this busy scene I wander forth, rod in hand, and soon am once more engaged in all the delights of cherishing a nibble, where you will permit me to rest till you hear from me again.

Your friend,

ISAAC WALTON, Jr.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

> From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
> The hum of either army stilly sounds,
> That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
> The secret whispers of each other's watch:
> Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
> Each battle sees the other's number'd face.
> Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
> Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
> The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
> With busy hammers closing rivets up,
> Give dreadful note of preparation.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

After the capture of Fort George in 1813, the British forces retired to the head of Lake Ontario, and were followed by the troops of the United States under the command of Generals Winder and Chandler. The scene of the following incident is laid at a place called Stony Creek, afterwards famous as a bloody battle-field where, for the first time, the British and American troops crossed bayonets.

The American army was bivouacked upon ground selected with a view not only for defence, but for an attack upon the encampment of the enemy, which

it was intended should be executed at an hour before daybreak. The guards were properly stationed and the artillery put in position to defend the approaches to the encampment. The gallant Towson was the senior captain of artillery, his company was therefore entrusted with the defence of the road by which the enemy must approach, if an attack should be made; but though every precaution was taken, there was little probability of such an event occurring, as the enemy had as yet scarcely recovered from the confusion incident to a precipitate retreat, with the sacrifice of all their artillery, baggage and stores.

The sun had sunk behind a bank of clouds, and the landscape was already stained with the dark hues of night. The measured tramp of bodies of men taking up their positions, was heard at intervals upon the plain, with the stern, brief, military commands of the officers, and the rattling of arms and accoutrements.

The busy soldiers round the camp-fires, cooking their evening meal, cast moving and gigantic shadows upon the tall forest-trees. Through the damp dewy air, from a distant outpost could be distinctly heard the sentinel challenging the rounds. The hum of many voices gradually subsided; a general silence reigned throughout the encampment, whilst an occasional call from the deep-toned bugle was answered by the melancholy notes of the whippoorwill from the forest.

Towson, who had never for one moment left his battery, after it had been planted upon the road, but having made every preparation for any sudden emergency, was silently pacing in the rear of his pieces,

whilst his men were reclining upon the ground. The night was dark, and those clouds, which at sunset had thickly settled upon the eastern horizon, were now spread over the sky and shrouded every thing in gloom; not even a star was visible. The night waned fast, and the chill damps of the morning began to be felt. Suddenly, in the advance of his battery, a bright light flashed in the distance, followed immediately by the report of a single musket. In a few seconds every man of that encampment had sprung to his feet, and the silence gave place to the rattling of arms, and the hum of voices, as the respective corps assumed their several stations. Towson's cannon were charged with round and grape shot, and the matches burning, ready at any moment for action.

"It's a false alarm," said an active blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked youth, whose single gold epaulette, declared him a lieutenant. But on the instant he sprang to his post with an alacrity which plainly evinced not only his readiness for any orders, but delight at the prospect of an engagement.

"Shall we commence firing, sir?"

"Not yet, M'Donough," replied Towson, "it may be a false alarm; an enemy who has sacrificed both artillery and baggage to enable him to escape, is not likely to become an assailant: at all events time must be allowed for the guard to come in, or we shall destroy our own men. The words had hardly been uttered when a horseman at full speed galloped up to the battery, nor did he check his career till the breast of the animal touched the muzzle of one of the guns. He

was enveloped in an overcoat, but, by the light of a fire fanned into a blaze by a passing breeze, it was evident from his *chapeau de bras*, that he was an officer, whether British or American, remained doubtful. M'Donough rushed to the horse's head, seized the bridle, and, with the point of his sword within an inch of the intruder's breast, demanded his name and purpose. The answer, "a friend," was given unhesitatingly and promptly; M'Donough let go his hold of the bridle, and dropped the point of his sword—at the same moment the horse was wheeled round upon his haunches, the spurs dashed into his flanks, and his hoofs were heard clattering down the long lane at a reckless speed.

There was no longer any doubt of the real character of the horseman. It was a British officer, leading a force to the attack. The column was advancing rapidly. Some two hundred paces forward of Towson's guns, of whose position the enemy were now apprised, there was another lane into which their column of attack could wheel, if the dashing officer who had unexpectedly stumbled upon the battery, should reach there in time. He then might attack the flank instead of the centre of the American line, as evidently was the first intention. Such a movement must be fatal to the American force. There was but one way to prevent this, and that was the immediate destruction of the gallant horseman ere he reached the head of his column. The explosion from either piece, fully charged as they were with cannister shot, must annihilate horse and rider. All these thoughts flashed like lightning upon the youthful commander of that battery, upon whose vigilance depended the safety of the army and

honour of his country's flag. Towson did not hesitate to give the order; though his noble heart for a moment swelled with feelings of pity for the soldier whose daring conduct even in the heat of battle would command respect from one equally brave. Stern military duty conquered the struggling sentiment. The lighted matches were applied to the pieces.

Soldiers are apt to believe in destiny—founded, perhaps, upon the many miraculous escapes like the one we are now recording. There was no explosion from either gun. Again and again were the matches applied, with repeated cries from Towson to fire. "They will not go off, sir. Something is wrong, sir," replied M'Donough, as he seized the match and whirled it round, and again applied it to the touch-hole. In an instant it occurred to the commander that there might be treachery here—and that the guns were spiked. This would account for that horseman so fearlessly riding up to their very muzzles. The gallant, daring and brave soldier, who was always foremost in battle, and courted danger in every shape, now trembled at the thought of dishonour and disgrace, which inevitably must follow. His battery would be carried without resistance, and the fate of the army decided. Almost paralysed in every limb by these thoughts that crowded upon his mind, and arrested for a moment the pulsations of a heart which beat alone for glory—he rushed frantically to the nearest piece, with the hope of unspiking at least one of the guns. With trembling hand he felt the priming. It was there. The night mists had dampened the powder. He flew to a camp fire, snatched from the smouldering and scattered heap a

brand, and applied it. An explosion followed, which shook the dull air of night, and as piece after piece burst forth in flame and smoke, he involuntary waved his hat over his head. It was the music he loved, and the strains were never heard by that gallant artillery officer with more enthusiastic delight. All this occurred in the shortest possible time, but the delay was sufficient to enable the hero of the night to regain the head of his column unscathed by the iron hail which hurtled through that narrow lane. He had changed the direction of his column of attack, but the rear companies suffered terribly under the repeated discharges from Towson's "light house."

It was afterwards understood that the daring officer who led the British column and had planned the attack, was the assistant Adjutant General of the British forces. He is now Major General Sir John Harvey.

THE END.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

RENEWED BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE
RECALL

LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, DAVIS

Book Slip–50*m*-12,'64(F772s4)458

Gaylord
PA

355813

PS3157
W354
S3
1844

Watmough, E.C.
Scribblings and sketches.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DAVIS